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POLITE LITERATURE.

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JOSEPH ADDISON.

THIS very great ornament to the age he lived in, his own country in particular, and to the cause of polite literature in general, was son of the Rev. Dr. Launcelot Addison, who afterwards became Dean of Lichfield and Coventry, but, at the time of this son's birth, Rector of Mileston, near Ambrosbury, Wilts, at which place the subject of our present consideration received his vital breath, on the 1st day of May, 1672. He was very early sent to school to Ambrosbury, being put under the care of the Rev. Mr. Naish, then master of that school; from thence, as soon as he had received the first rudiments of literature, he was removed to Salisbury school, taught by the Rev. Mr. Taylor, and after that to the Charter-house, where he was under the tuition of the learned Dr. Ellis.—Here he first contracted an intimacy with Mr. Steele, afterwards Sir Richard, which continued almost till his death.—At about fifteen years of age he was entered of Queen's College, Oxford; and in about two years afterwards, through the interest of Dr. Lancaster, Dean of Magdalen, elected into that college, and admitted to the degrees of Bachelor and Master of Arts.

While he was at the university, he was repeatedly solicited by his father and other friends to enter into holy orders, which, although from his extreme modesty and natural diffidence he would gladly have declined, yet,

in compliance with his father's desires, he was once very near concluding on; when having, through Mr. Congreve's means, become a great favourite with that universal patron of poetry and the polite arts, the famous Lord Halifax, that nobleman, who had frequently regretted that so few men of liberal education and great abilities applied themselves to affairs of public business, in which their country might reap the advantage of their talents, earnestly persuaded him to lay aside this design; and as an encouragement for him so to do, and an indulgence to an inclination for travel, which shewed itself in Mr. Addison, procured him an annual pension of 300l. from the crown, to enable him to make the tour of France and Italy.

On this tour then he set out at the latter end of the year 1699, and did his country great honour by his extraordinary abilities, receiving in his turn every mark of esteem that could be shewn to a man of exalted genius, particularly from M. Boileau, the famous French poet, and the Abbé Salvini, Professor of the Greek tongue in the University of Florence, the former of whom declared that he first conceived an opinion of the English genius for poetry from Mr. Addison's Latin Poems, printed in the Musæ Anglicanæ, and the latter translated into elegant Italian verse his Epistolary Poem to Lord Halifax, which is esteemed a master-piece in its kind.

In the year 1702, as he was about to return home, he was informed from his friends in England, by letter, that King William intended him the post of Secretary to attend the Army under Prince Eugene in Italy.--This was an office that would have been extremely acceptable to Mr. Addison; but his Majesty's death, which happened before he could get his appointment, put a stop to that, together with his pension.—This news came to him at Geneva; he therefore chose to make the tour of Germany in his way home, and at Vienna composed his Treatise on Medals, which, however, did not make its appearance until after his death.

A different set of ministers coming to the management of affairs in the beginning of Queen Anne's reign, and consequently the interest of Mr. Addison's friends being considerably weakened, he continued unemployed and in obscurity until 1704, when an accident called him again into notice.

The amazing victory gained by the great Duke of

Marlborough, at Blenheim, exciting a desire in the Earl of Godolphin, then Lord High Treasurer, to have it celebrated in verse, Lord Halifax, to whom that nobleman had communicated this his wish, recommended Mr. Addison to him, as the only person who was likely to execute such a task in a manner adequate to the subject, in which he succeeded so happily, that when the poem he wrote, viz. *The Campaign*, was finished no further than to the celebrated simile of the angel, the Lord High Treasurer was so delighted with it, that he immediately presented the author with the place of one of the Commissioners of Appeals in the Excise, in the room of Mr. Locke, then lately deceased.

In the year 1705 he attended Lord Halifax to Hanover, and in the succeeding year was appointed Under-Secretary to Sir Charles Hedges, then Secretary of State; nor did he lose this post on the removal of Sir Charles, the Earl of Sunderland, who succeeded to that gentleman, willingly continuing Mr. Addison as his Under-Secretary.

In 1709, Lord Wharton, being appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, nominated our author Secretary for that kingdom, the Queen at the same time bestowing on him also the post of Keeper of the Records in Ireland.—But when, in the latter end of her Majesty's reign, the ministry was again changed, and Mr. Addison expected no further employment, he gladly submitted to a retirement, in which he had formed a design, which it is much to be regretted that he never had in his power to put in execution, viz. the compiling a dictionary to fix the standard of the English language, upon the same kind of plan with the famous *Dittionario della Crusca* of the Italians.

What prevented Mr. Addison's pursuing this design was his being again called out into public business; for, on the death of the Queen, he was appointed Secretary to the Lords Justices; then again, in 1715, Secretary for Ireland; and, on Lord Sunderland's resignation of the Lord-Lieutenancy, he was made one of the Lords Commissioners of Trade.

In 1716 he married the Countess of Warwick, and in the ensuing year was raised to the high dignity of one of her Majesty's principal Secretaries of State.—The fatigues of this important post being too much for Mr. Addison's constitution, which was naturally not an extraordinary one, he was very soon obliged to resign it, intending for

the remainder of his life to pursue the completion of some literary designs which he had planned out: but this he had no long time allowed him for the doing, an asthma, attended with a dropsy, carrying him off the stage of this world before he could finish any of his schemes.—He departed this life at Holland-house, near Kensington, on the 17th of June, 1719, having then just entered into his 48th year, and left behind him one only daughter.

"After a long and manly, but vain struggle with his distemper," says Dr. Young, "he dismissed his physicians, and with them all hopes of life: but with his hopes of life he dismissed not his concern for the living, but sent for a youth (Lord Warwick) nearly related, and finely accomplished, but not above being the better for good impressions from a dying friend: he came; but life now glimmering in the socket, the dying friend was silent.—After a decent and proper pause, the youth said, *Dear Sir! you sent for me: I believe, and I hope, that you have some commands; I shall hold them most sacred.*—May distant ages," proceeds the Doctor, "not only hear, but feel, the reply!—Forcibly grasping the youth's hand, he softly said, *See in what peace a Christian can die.*—He spoke with difficulty, and soon expired."

A WINTER'S NIGHT IN LONDON.

It was December—the north wind, in stormy gusts, blew right in my face, which I now and then attempted to raise, to mark the dark murky clouds, as they were carried rapidly past the moon. I wrapped myself in my great coat; fastened the highest button; and, getting warm, began to feel pity for others in the inverse ratio that I felt it for myself. "Heaven shield the houseless," said I, "and guard the traveller and guide the mariner!" A poor shivering wretch prayed for a halfpenny.—"Indeed, Sir," said he "I require it—I am very cold—and my dear wife and her poor babes—" "Say no more," said I, "would it were a guinea, for your sake! If it were, it would be dearly earned, in such a coat as yours, and such a night as this."

I walked onwards—the sound of music next attracted my notice. It came, not as the breath of Apollo, murmured from the harp of Æolus; but, loud and full, it

swelled with the blast, and almost drowned, in its noise, the bellowing of the storm. I raised my head—It came from the dwelling of Prospero. "He has been giving a masquerade," said a listener under the porch, "and this is the music of the ball," said he;—"these are the footmen, those the carriages of his guests."—"Would that my poor shivering friend, with his wife and his babes, were in one of them!" said I, as I walked hastily forward. "Heaven and earth! are men really equals?" This was food for the imagination for a winter's night.

It was now past one. The moon was totally obscured by a dark cloud, which had swallowed up a dozen of others, and covered the half of the horizon. The wind was more furious than ever, and carried sharp half-frozen drops of rain along with it. I turned Pall-mall, passed through Stable-yard, and entered the Park, through which I had to pass on my way to Chelsea: all seemed desolation—even the sentinel appeared afraid to open his mouth, and refrained from the usual "Who goes there?" "It is a pity," said I, thinking still of the beggar and the masquerade, "it is a pity that it is so; yet some men are provident, and others the reverse, so I believe it must be as it is. And," added I, wishing still more to prove to myself that it is the best of all possible worlds, "it is better that it is so, else man would want a spur to exertion, and a lesson to be prudent." So I hugged myself close, and walked on. "Yet that is a vile supposition, after all; is it necessary that man should be so wretched as to beg his fellow-creature for a halfpenny, in such a night as this, and all the time hear the music of masqueraders mocking his distresses and reviling his poverty? If fortune had made me a Nobleman now—" A sigh interrupted my soliloquy—it came from a bench below an old tree, on my right hand; a groan followed, and was repeated. A female figure lay stretched along the bench, half-sheltered by the tree, and half-covered with a shawl. I started, yet stirred not, I knew not why. "Who is there?" I exclaimed: a sound betwixt a sob and a groan was the reply. I flew to the bench, and raised the figure in my arms. "Good God! you are starved to death," I cried; "leave this place instantly—I shall help you," said I, finding she could not stand; her shawl fell off in the attempt; her naked bosom was exposed to the piercing blast; and she sank, apparently

lifeless, on my shoulder. I shuddered as I placed her again on the bench, and wept as I took off my great coat and my handkerchief, and wrapped the whole around her. I seized her in my arms, and ran along with her to Buckingham-gate.—"Not one house open to shelter a poor dying female!"—"A house, a little further on, is not yet shut," cried a hoarse watchman on the other side of the way. I ran—I flew—"There is a fire within, Sir."—"Thank you, thank you; make room, for Heaven's sake, for she is still alive!"

She *was* still alive. Two eyes, of pale blue, opened, as I placed her by the fire on my knee: they were open for a moment, and instantly shut. I gazed on her, every idea absorbed in her reanimation. A young girl was employed in chafing her hands and her temples; and an old woman in pouring a cordial down her throat. I eagerly watched her features—ah! never shall I forget them. Her nose was of the finest Grecian; her mouth of the most exquisite form, but her lips were no longer red; her cheeks were pale; her eyes were sunk; and her arched eye-brows were almost concealed by her auburn hair. A slight straw hat covered her head, and a thin muslin gown her body. Over the whole Sympathy could trace the hand of Sorrow; and Pity sighed, as she recognised the symptoms of Frailty.

She sighed, again opened her eyes, stared wildly around her, and, in a voice that thrilled through my soul as I heard it, asked where she was?—"You are among friends," said I; "do not be alarmed.—You may leave us now, my good woman," said I, addressing the hostess. The woman glanced at me, then at the poor sufferes. "My husband is scrupulous, Sir, and your companion is not a fit person for our house." The ears of the wretched creature caught the sound: a momentary glow overspread her cheeks—it was succeeded by a deadly pale. "True," sighed she; she attempted to rise, but, in the attempt, fell, fainting, on the chair beside me.

The heart of the hostess was moved; I marked the sob which rose in her bosom, as she supported the almost exanimate body, and seized the favourable moment.—"Poor young creature!" said I, for she appeared to be under twenty—"You may once have known what it was to have a mother, but the world has lost all its charms for you now; and, if you have still a parent—" I could not proceed; a big tear trembled in my eye, and rolled

down my cheek. The features of the good woman relaxed still more; she looked at me, then compassionately at the reviving female, and left the room. "Heaven bless you for it," said I, "It is an act of charity, and will not lose its reward."

The poor young creature once more opened her eyes; faintly and sickly she opened them; and, as she looked at me, she sighed out. "I am ill, very ill, but it will soon be over." "Over!" cried I, as I attempted to ring the bell. She feebly caught my arm—"I am dying," said she, "and I ought to die." If my heart would have let me, I could have exclaimed, with my Uncle Toby, "By Heaven you shall not!"— but the words stuck in my throat, and I could not utter them.

I procured such refreshments as the house could afford. "She took them to satisfy me," she said, "for she knew she was dying—she felt the hand of Death upon her." A faint melancholy smile, that overspread her features as she spoke, seemed to welcome his approach: for Death, to the poor, and the miserable, and the hopeless, is an angel that comes to unbar the doors of their prison, and free them from care, and sorrow, and anguish. To the happy only is he the monarch of terror.

"And had you not a house to shelter you from the inclemency of the weather?" said I, in a low tone of voice, half-doubting whether I should have asked the question. "Ah, no!" she replied, shaking her head.—"Nor a friend?"—"A friend!" she exclaimed, as hastily as her feeble frame would permit her—"Alas—not one!—I once had, but I have not a friend now." The cadence of her voice, as she finished, drew tears from my eyes; supported as she was in my arms, she felt them fall on her hand; she raised her eyes to my face, as if she doubted their reality, and when she saw they were no feigned symptoms of sorrow, her looks seemed to say—"God bless you—I am unaccustomed to pity."

She lay for some time without motion—I scarce felt her breathe. I supposed she had fallen asleep, and was about to call the good woman of the house to prepare a bed for her reception, when a convulsive sigh, that seemed to come from the bottom of her heart, convinced me that she was still awake. I stooped to observe whether her eyes were shut. I found them staring wildly. The crimson flush, which had begun to overspread her cheeks, was succeeded by a livid hue. She sighed again.

"Good God you are ill—you are dying!" I exclaimed. The poor girl sighed once more, gave a slight shudder—groaned—and sank lifeless on my bosom! I. M.

SURNAMES, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

NOTHING can be more preposterously absurd than the practice of inheriting *cognomina*, which ought never to be purely personal. I would ask, for example, what propriety there was in giving the name Xenophon, which signifies one that speaks a foreign language, to the celebrated Greek who distinguished himself, not only as a consummate Captain, but also an elegant writer in his mother tongue? What could be more ridiculous than to denominate the great philosopher of Crotona Pythagoras, which implies a striking speech? Or what could be more misapplied than the name of the weeping philosopher Heraclitus, signifying military glory? The inheritance of surnames, among the Romans, produced still more ridiculous consequences. The best and noblest families in Rome derived their names from the coarsest employments, or else from the corporeal blemishes of their ancestors. The Pisones were millers: the Cicerones and the Ledtuli were so called from the vetches and the lentils which their forefathers dealt in. The Fabii were so denominated from a dung-pit, in which the first of the family was begot by stealth, in the way of fornication. A ploughman gave rise to the great family of the Serrani, the ladies of which always went without smocks. The Suilli, the Bubulci, and the Porci, were descended from a swine-herd, a cow-herd, and a hog-butcher.—What could be more disgraceful than to call the senator Strabo, Squintum; or a fine young lady of the house of Pœti, Pigsnies? or to distinguish a matron of the Limi by the appellation of Sheep's-eye?—What could be more dishonourable than to give the surname of Snub-nose to P. Silius, the Proprætor, because his great-great great-grahdfather had a nose of that make? Ovid, indeed, had a long nose, and therefore was justly denominated Naso: but why should Horace be called Flaccus, as if his ears had been stretched in the pillory? I need not mention the Burrhi, Nigri, Rusi, Aquilii, and Rutilii, because we have the same foolish surnames in England; and even the Lappa; for I myself know a very

pretty miss, called Rough-head, though, in fact, there is not a young lady in the bills of mortality who takes more pains to dress her hair to the best advantage. The famous Dictator, whom the deputies of Rome found at the plough, was known by the name of Cincinnatus, or Ragged-head. Now I leave you to judge how it would sound in these days, if a footman at the play-house should call out, "My Lady Ragged-head's coach. Room "for my Lady Ragged-head." I am doubtful whether the English name of Hale does not come from the Roman cognomen Hala, which signified stinking breath. What need I mention the Plauti, Panci, Valgi, Vari, Vatiæ, and Scauri; the Tuditani, the Malici, Cenestellæ, and Leccæ; in other words, the Splay-foots, Bandy-legs, Shamble-shins, Baker-knees, Club-foots, Hammer-heads, Chubby-cheeks, Bald-heads, and Letchers.—I shall not say a word of the Buteo, or Buzzard, that I may not be obliged to explain the meaning of the word Triorchis, from whence it takes its denomination; yet all those were great families in Rome. But I cannot help taking notice of some of the same improprieties, which have crept into the language and customs of this country. Let us suppose, for example, a foreigner reading an English newspaper in these terms: "Last Tuesday the Right Honourable Timothy Sillyman, Secretary of State for the Southern Department, gave a grand entertainment to the nobility and gentry, at his house in Knave's-acre. The evening was concluded with a ball, which was opened by Sir Samuel Hog and Lady Diana Rough-head. By the last mail from Germany, we have certain advice of a complete victory which General Coward has obtained over the enemy. On this occasion the General displayed all the intrepidity of the most renowned hero;—by the same channel, we are informed that Lieutenant Little-fear has been broke by a court-martial for cowardice.—We hear that Edward West, Esq. will be elected President of the Directors of the East-India Company for the ensuing year. It is reported that Commodore North will be sent with a squadron into the South-Sea.—Captains East and South are appointed by the Lords of the Admiralty commanders of two frigates, to sail on the discovery of the North-West passage.—Yesterday morning Sir John Summer, Bart. lay dangerously ill at his house in Spring-gardens: he is attended by Dr. Winter; but there are no hopes of

his recovery.—Saturday last, Philip Frost, a dealer in gunpowder, died at his house on Snow-hill, of a high fever, caught by overheating himself in walking for a wager from No Man's Land to the World's End.—Last week, Mr. John Fog, teacher of astronomy in Rotherhithe, was married to the widow Fairweather, of Puddledock.—We hear from Bath, that on Thursday last a duel was fought on Lansdown, by Captain Sparrow, and Richard Hawke, Esq. in which the latter was mortally wounded.—Friday last ended the sessions at the Old Bailey, when the following persons received sentence of death: Leonard Lamb, for the murder of Julius Wolf; and Henry Grave, for robbing and assaulting Dr. Death, whereby the said Death was put in fear of his life. Giles Gosling, for defrauding Simon Fox of four guineas and his watch by subtle craft, was transported for seven years; and David Drinkwater was ordered to be set in the stocks, as an habitual drunkard. The trial of Thomas Green, whitster, of Fulham, for a rape on the body of Flora White, a mulatto, was put off till next sessions, on account of the absence of two material evidences; viz. Sarah Brown, clear-starcher, of Pimlico, and Anthony Black, scarlet-dyer, of Wandsworth."—I ask thee, Peacock, whether a sensible foreigner, who understood the literal meaning of these names, which are all truly British, would not think ye were a nation of humourists, who delighted in cross-purposes and ludicrous singularity? But, indeed, ye are not more absurd in this particular than some of your neighbours.—I knew a Frenchman, of the name of Bouvier, which signifies Cow-keeper, pique himself upon his noblesse; and a General, called Valavoir, is said to have lost his life by the whimsical impropriety of his surname, which signifies go and see.—You may remember an Italian minister, called Grossa-testa, or Great-head, though, in fact, he had scarce any head at all. That nation has, likewise, its Sforzas, Malatestas, Boccanigras, Porcinas, Guidices; its Colonnas, Muratorios, Medices, and Gozzi; Endeavours, Chuckle-heads, Black-muzzles, Hogs, Judges, Pillars, Masons, Leeches, and Chubby-chops. Spain has its Almohadas, Girones, Utreras, Ursinas, and Zapatas; signifying Cushions, Gores, Bullocks, Bears, and Slippers. The Turks, in other respects a sensible people, fall into the same extravagance with respect to the inheritance of surnames. An Armenian

merchant at Aleppo used to dine at the house of a cook, whose name was Clock-maker; and the handsome Ichoglan in the Bashaw's seraglio was surnamed Crook-back. Q.

THE FRENCH MISER.

AVARICE, of all other passions, is the least to be accounted for, as it precludes the miser from all pleasure except that of hoarding; the prodigal, the gamester, the ambitious, having something to plead by way of palliatives for their inordinate affections to their respective objects and pursuits; but the miser gratifies his passion at the expense of every conveniency, indulgence, or even necessary of life. He is aptly compared to the magpie, who hides gold which he can make no use of.

M. Vandille was the most remarkable man in Paris, both on account of his immense riches, and his extreme avarice. He lodged as high up as the roof would admit him, to avoid noise or visits, maintained one poor old woman to attend him in his garret, allowed her only seven sous per week, or a penny per diem. His usual diet was bread and milk, and, for indulgence, some poor sour wine on Sunday, on which day he constantly gave one farthing to the poor, being one shilling and a penny per annum, which he cast up, and, after his death, his extensive charity amounted to forty-three shillings and fourpence. This prudent œconomist had been a magistrate, or officer, at Boulogne, from which obscurity he was promoted to Paris, for the reputation of his wealth, which he lent upon undeniable security to the public funds, not caring to trust individuals with his life and soul. While a magistrate at Boulogne, he maintained himself by taking upon him to be milktaster-general at the market, and from one to another filled his belly, and washed down his bread at no expense of his own, not, doubtless, from any other principle than that of serving the public in regulating the goodness of milk. When he had a call to Paris, knowing that stage-vehicles are expensive, he determined to go thither on foot; and, to avoid being robbed, he took care to export with himself neither more nor less than the considerable sum of threepence sterling, to carry him one hundred and thirty miles; and with the greater facility to execute his plan of operation, he went in the quality of a

poor priest or mendicant, and no doubt gathered some few pence on the road from such pious and well-disposed persons of the country who were strangers to him.

The great value a miser anexes to a farthing will make us less surprised at the infinite attachment he must have to a guinea, of which it is the seed, growing by gentle gradations into pence, shillings, pounds, thousands, and ten thousands, which made this worthy connoisseur say, take care of the farthings, and the pence and shillings will take care of themselves; these semina of wealth may be compared to seconds of time, which generate years, centuries, and even eternity itself.

When he became extensively rich, being, in the year 1735, worth seven or eight hundred thousand pounds, which he begot or multiplied on the body of a single shilling, from the age of sixteen to the age of seventy-two; one day he heard a woodman going by in summer, at which season they stock themselves with fuel for the winter; he agreed with him at the lowest rate possible, but stole from the poor man several logs, with which he loaded himself to his secret hiding-hole, and thus contracted, in that hot season, a fever; he then sent, for the first time, for a surgeon to bleed him, who asking half a livre for the operation, was dismissed; he then sent for an apothecary, but he was as high in his demand; he then sent for a poor barber, who undertook to open a vein for threepence a time; but, says this worthy œconomist, Friend, how often will it be requisite to bleed? Three times, said he. And what quantity of blood do you intend to take? About eight ounces each time, answered the barber. That will be ninepence—too much, too much, says the old miser: I have determined to go a cheaper way to work; take the whole quantity you design to take at three times at one time, and that will save me sixpence; which being insisted on, he lost twenty-four ounces of blood, and died in a few days, leaving all his vast treasures to the King, whom he made his sole heir. Thus he contracted his disorder by pilfering, and his death by an unprecedented piece of parsimony.

OLD NICK.

Nobody has accounted for the Devil's having the name of *Old Nick*. Keysler *de Dea Nehalennia*, p. 33. and *Antiq. Septentr.* p. 261, mentions a deity of the waters,

worshipped by the ancient Germans and Danes, under the name of *Nocca*, or *Nicken*, styled in the Edda *Nikur*, which he derives from the German *nugen*, answering to the Latin *necare*. Wormius, *Mon. Dan.* p. 17, says the redness in the faces of drowned persons was ascribed to this deity's sucking their blood out at their nostrils. Wasthovius, *pres. ad Vit. Sanctor.* and Loccenius, *Antiq. Suco-Goth.* p. 17, call him *Neccus*, and quote from a Belgo-Gallic Dictionary, *Necker, Spiritus Aquaticus, and Necce, necare.* The Islandic Dict. in Hickes' Thes. P. III. p. 85, renders *Nikur, bellua aquatica.* Lastly, Rudbekius, *Atlant.* p. 1. c. 7. §. 5, p. 192, & c. 30. p. 719, mentions a notion prevalent among his countrymen, that *Neckur*, who governed the sea, assumed the form of various animals, or of a horseman, or of a man in a boat. He supposes him the same with Odin; but the above authorities are sufficient to evince that he was the Northern *Neptune*, or some subordinate sea-god of a noxious disposition. Wormius queries whether a figure said to be seen, 1615, on the river *Lan*, and called *Wasser Nicks*, might not be of this kind. Probably it was a sea-monster of the species called *Mermen*, and by our Spenser, Fairy-Queen. II. 12, 14,

The griesly Wasserman.

It is not unlikely but the name of this evil spirit might, as Christianity prevailed in these northern nations, be transferred to the father of evil.

If it would not be thought punning on names, I would hazard another conjecture.—*St. Nicholas* was the patron of mariners, consequently opponent to *Nicker.* How he came by this office does not appear. The Legend says, "*Ung jour que aucuns mariniers perissoyent si le prierent ainsi a larmes, Nicolas, serviteur de Dieu, si les choses sont vroyes que nous avons ouyes, si les esprouve maintenant. Et tantot ung-homme s'apparut au la semblance de luy, & leur dit, Veez moy, se ne m'appellez vous pas: & leur commenca a leur ayder en leur exploit: de la ne fet tantost la tempestate cessa. Et quant ils furent venus a son Eglise ilz se cogneurent sans demonstrer, & si ne l'avoient oncques veu. Et lors rendirent graces a Dieu & a luy de leur delivrance; et il leur dit que ilz attribuassent a le misericorde de Dieu et a leur creance, et non pas a ses merites.*"—Then follow other miracles, not peculiarly appropriated to him under this character. We have afterwards, indeed, another story of his delivering from an

illusion of the Devil certain pilgrims *qui alloient a luy a* nage, which I understand to mean only *by water*. Legende d'or. fol. viii. See also Blomefield's Hist. of Norfolk, II. p. 861. PALÆOPHILUS.

CHARACTER OF THE SPANIARDS.

A WAR with the Saracens, prolonged, with few intervals, for eight hundred years, nourished in the Spaniards a vigour of character, a love of their country, and a passion for glory. The necessity of continually engaging formed as many heroes as there were men in each city: military renown was the great object of their vows; and the tombs of the deceased were adorned with a number of obelisks equal to that of the enemy they had slain in battle*. While they lived exposed to continual dangers they acquired that gravity of deportment, that deliberate valour, that perseverance and vigilance, which still distinguish the Spanish nation. Before the ambitious and warlike reigns of Ferdinand, the Emperor, and Philip II. the sagacity and vigilance of the Spaniards appeared formidable to the other nations of Europe†. These reigns continued to call forth and exercise the spirit of the nation, and to support, if not to heighten, that national character which had been formed by the wars with the Moors. And this national character still shone forth with undiminished lustre after the imprudence of the court and exhausted resources had undermined the foundations of the grandeur of the empire. As prosperous war rouses the genius of a nation, the glory of letters would have corresponded to that of the Spanish arms, had not the progress of taste and knowledge been checked by the tyranny of the inquisition, and that despotism which was introduced into the government. But although these circumstances have prevented among the Spaniards the growth of sound philosophy, in their poetry, history, romances, and even

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* Johannes Genesius Sepulveda de Rebus Gestis, Caroli V. lib. 1.

† Machiavel says, in his Account of the State of France, that the French were afraid of the Spaniards on account of their sagacity and vigilance. It is true that this account was written after Ferdinand had begun to reign: but it was before the exertions of that Prince could have stamped on the minds of his subjects a national character.

their commentaries on the sacred scriptures, as well as on Aristotle, whose metaphysical notions were deemed so orthodox by the Catholic church, we recognize that boldness and invention, that subtlety and refinement, which were conspicuous for ages in the military and political conduct of Spain.

Thus, that power of genius and valour among his subjects, which at once adorned and disgraced the feeble reign of Philip III. seems deducible from a train of moral causes, as obvious in their existence as powerful in their nature. But when the reader revolves what is left on record concerning ancient Spain, he will be inclined perhaps to subscribe to the opinion of an ingenious writer, that the characters of nations as well as families are influenced by accidents antecedent to birth *, and particularly by climate, acting either immediately with powerful energy on the fabric of their being, or as a local circumstance leading to a variety of action in the œconomy of civil life. At all times, valour and genius have ennobled the character of the Spaniaads. Not the robust German, impelled by the fury of a savage religion, displayed such enthusiasm in arms and contempt of death as shone forth in the invincible resolution of the inhabitants of Numantia, Astapa, and Saguntum. A greater hero than Viriatus is not to be found in the history of ancient Rome †. Between the times of the Scipios and those of Augustus, there intervened a period of two hundred years. During this long space, Spain maintained a contest with the policy and disciplined valour of Rome: and it seemed uncertain which masters the world was to obey, the Spaniards or the Romans. The destiny of Rome to give law to the nations finally subdued all resistance, and Spain had the glory of being the last that yielded to the Roman yoke. But it was the fortune of the vanquished to receive literature and refinement from the conquerors of the world: and, in return, Trajan added lustre to the Roman purple; and the names of Quintilian, Martial, Mela, Seneca, Lucan, and Florus, appeared in the list of Latin authors.

R. W.

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* Essay on the History of Mankind, &c. by Dr. Dunbar.

† This man, who had resisted the Roman arms for twenty years, and who was deemed invincible, was at last insidiously cut off by the Romans, who bribed his body-guards.

THE LITERARY EDUCATION OF WOMEN.

THERE are many prejudices entertained against the character of a learned lady; and perhaps if all ladies were profoundly learned, some inconveniences might arise from it; but I must own it does not appear to me, that a woman will be rendered less acceptable in the world, or worse qualified to perform any part of her duty in it, by having employed the time from six to sixteen in the cultivation of her mind. Time enough will remain, after a few hours every day spent in reading, for the improvement of the person, and the acquisition of the usual accomplishments. With respect to these accomplishments, I will not presume to direct the method of pursuing them. I will not so far intrude on a province which by no means belongs to me. The ladies themselves, and their instructors, want no directions in matters of external ornament, the end of which is to please on intuition. However arrogant the men have been in their claims of superiority, they have usually allowed the ladies the possession of a delicate taste in the improvement and perception of all kinds of beauty.

The literary education of women ought indisputably to be varied according to their fortunes and their expectations. Much refinement and a taste for books will injure her, whose time, from prudential motives, must be entirely engrossed by economy. Few women are indeed exempted from all attention to domestic care. But yet the unmarried, and those who enjoy opulence, find many intervals which they often devote to some species of reading. And there is no doubt but that the reading would be selected with more judgment, and would afford more pleasure and advantage, if the taste were formed by early culture *.

I will then venture to recommend that ladies of this description should have a classical education. But let not the reader be alarmed. I mean not to advise that they should be initiated, without exception, in Greek and Latin; but that they should be well and early acquainted with the French and the English classics.

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* "The girl is altogether kept from exercises of good learning and knowledge of good letters, or else she is so nouseled in amorous bookes, vayne stories, and fonde trifling fancies, &c." E. Hake's Touchstone for the Time present. See the passage quoted in the ingenious Mr. T. Warton's History of English Poetry.

As soon as they can read with fluency, let them begin to learn Lowth's Grammar, and to read at the same time some very easy and elegant author, with a view to exemplify the rules. They should learn a part in grammar every morning, and then proceed to read a lesson, just in the manner observed in classical schools in learning Latin. After a year spent in this method, if the success is adequate to the time, they should advance to French, and study that language exactly in the same mode. In the French grammar, it will not be necessary to go through those particulars which are common to the grammars of all languages, and which have been learned in studying English.

Several years should be spent in this elementary process; and when the scholar is perfectly acquainted with orthography and grammar, she may then proceed to the cultivation of taste. Milton, Addison, and Pope, must be the standing models in English; Boileau, Fontenelle*, and Vertot, in French; and I wish these to be attended to solely for a considerable time. Many inconveniences arise from engaging young minds in the perusal of too many books. After these authors have been read over with attention, and with a critical observation of their beauties, the scholar may be permitted to select any of the approved writers of France and England, for her own improvement. She will be able to select with some judgment, and will have laid a foundation which will bear a good superstructure. Her mind, if she has been successful in this course, will have imbibed an elegance which will naturally diffuse itself over her conversation, address, and behaviour. It is well known that internal beauty contributes much to perfect external grace. I believe it will also be favourable to virtue, and will operate greatly in restraining from any conduct grossly indelicate, and obviously improper. Much of the profligacy of female manners has proceeded from a levity occasioned by a want of a proper education. She who has no taste for well-written books will often be at a loss how to spend her time†; and the consequences of such a

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* Though Fontenelle is accused by the critics of deviating a little from the classical standard, he is yet a very pleasing writer.

† How happy is it TO KNOW HOW to live with oneself, to find oneself again with pleasure, to leave oneself with regret! The world then is less necessary to one. MARCHIONESS DE LAMBERT

state are too frequent not to be known, and too fatal not to be avoided.

Whenever a young lady in easy circumstances appears to possess a genius and an inclination for learned pursuits, I will venture to say she ought, if her situation and connexions permit, to be early instructed in the elements of Latin and Greek. Her mind is certainly as capable of improvement as that of the other sex. The instances which might be brought to prove this are all too well known to admit of citation. And the method to be pursued must be exactly the same as that which is used in the private tuition of boys, when judiciously conducted.

And here I cannot refrain from adding, that though I disapprove, for the most part, of private tuition for boys, yet I very seriously recommend it to girls, with little exception. All sensible people agree in thinking, that large seminaries of young ladies, though managed with all the vigilance and caution which human abilities can exert, are in danger of great corruption. Vanity and vice will be introduced by some among a large number, and the contagion soon spreads with irresistible violence. Who can be so proper an instructor and guardian as a tender and a sensible mother? Where can virgin innocence and delicacy be better protected than under a parent's roof, and in a father's and a brother's bosom? Certainly no where, provided that the parents are sensible and virtuous, and that the house is free from improper or dangerous connections. But where the parents are much engaged in pleasure, or in business; where they are ignorant or vicious; where a family is exposed to the visits or constant company of libertine young persons; there it is certainly expedient to place a daughter under the care of some of those judicious matrons who preside over the schools in or near the metropolis. But I believe it often happens that young ladies are sent from their parent's eye, to these seminaries, principally with a view to form connexions. I leave it to the heart of a feeling father to determine, whether it is not cruel* to endanger the morals of his offspring for the sake of interest†.

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* It must be remembered that only those parents can incur this censure, who keep their daughters at school after a *certain age.*

† One of the strongest arguments in favour of the literary education of women is, that it enables them to superintend the dom.es-

ON THE POETRY OF CHAUCER,

AND MORE ESPECIALLY OF THE CANTERBURY TALES.

Letter II.

Our pilgrims having partaken of the good cheer which the host of the Tabard set before them, who is described as "bold of his speech, and wise, and well ytaught," were thus addressed by him:—

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tic education of their children in the earlier periods, especially of daughters. We are told, in the very elegant Dialogue on the Causes of the Decline of Eloquence, that it was the glory of the ancient Roman matrons to devote themselves to economy, and the care of their children's education. Jamprimum filius ex castâ parente natus, non in *cellâ emptæ nutricis* educabatur, sed in gremio ac sinu matris, cujus præcipua laus erat, tueri domum et inservire liberis. . . . Sic Corneliam Gracchorum, sic Aureliam Julii Cæsaris, sic Attiam Augusti matrem, præfuisse educationibus liberorum accepimus. *As soon as a son was born of a chaste parent, he was not brought up in the cottage of some hireling nurse, but in the lap and the bosom of his mother, whose principal merit it was to take care of the house, and to devote herself to the service of the children. . . . Thus are we told, Cornelia, the mother of the Gracchi, thus Aurelia, of Julius Cæsar, thus Attia, of Augustus, presided over the education of their children.* And, with respect to its not being the custom to teach ladies Latin, we may say, in the words of the learned Matron in Erasmus, Quid mihi critas vulgum, pessimum rei gerendæ auctorem? Quid mihi consuetudinem, omnium malarum rerum magistram? Optimis assuescendum; ita fiet solitum, quod erat insolitum; et suave fiet, quod erat insuave; fiet decorum, quod videbatur indecorum. *Why do you tell me of the generality of people, the very worst pattern of conduct? Why do you talk to me of the custom, the teacher of all that is bad? Let us accustom ourselves to that which we know is best. So that will become usual which was unusual, and that will become agreeable which was disagreeable, and that fashionable which appeared unfashionable.*

He of whom antiquity boasts itself, as of the wisest of mortals, was instructed in many elegant and profound subjects of learning by a lady.

Ασπασια μεν τοι ἡ σοφη του Σωκράτους διδασκαλος των ρυτορικων λογων. *Aspasia, the learned lady, was the preceptress of Socrates in rhetoric.* ATHENÆUS.

Πλατων τον Σωκρατην παρ αυτ ης φησι μαθειν τα πολιτικα. *Plato says that Socrates learned politics of her.* HARPOCRATION.

See some excellent remarks on the subject of giving daughters a learned education, in Eras. Epist. to Budæus, cited in Jortin's Eras. vol. ii. p. 366.

" Lordings, quoth he, now hearken for the best,
But take it not I pray you in disdain ;
This is the point to speak it flat and plain,
That each of you, to shorten other's way
In this voyage, shall tellen tales tway,
To Canterbury ward, I mean it so,
And homeward he shall tellen other two,
Of adventures, whilome that did befal ;
And which of you him beareth best of all ;
That is to say, that telleth in this case,
Tales of best sentence, and of best solace,
Shall have a supper at our common cost,
Here in this place, and sitting by this post,
When we come back again from Canterbury,
And for to making you the more merry,
I will myself civilly with you ride ;
Right at mine own cost, and will be your guide."

L. 790, et seq.

This proposal of the host's was assented to by the whole party, who proceeded on their journey the following morning, escorted by their new companion. They decided the order of the tales by lot, and it fell to the Knight to relate the first. Of the Knight's tale Dryden thus speaks. " I prefer in Chaucer, far above his other stories, the noble poem of Palamon and Arcite, which is of the epic kind, and perhaps not much inferior to the Ilias or the Æneis : the story is more pleasing than either of them, the manners as perfect, the diction as poetical, the learning as deep and various, and the disposition full as artful, only it includes a greater length of time, taking up ten years at least." The story was taken by Chaucer from an old Italian author, for Boccacio refers to it in his seventh Giornata. I think Dryden, in his great zeal to praise his favourite author, has said more than the poem in question will warrant, especially when he talks of the manners being perfect, since Chaucer has strangely enough jumbled together the customs and practices of chivalry with the times and persons of remote antiquity. However, it is certainly a proof of the great and intrinsic excellence of the poem, that we acquiesce in this incongruity, and find ample amends for it in the interest of the story, and the vivid colouring of the poetry.

The Knight having finished his tale, the Miller, the Reve, the Cook, the Man of Law, the Squire, the Merchant, and the rest of the party in turn, each relates a story. The prologue prefixed to each contains the observations of the company on the preceding narrative, many of

which are highly descriptive of the manners and the temper of the times. The Friar having inveighed against the bribery and corruption of the spiritual courts, the Sompnour * retaliated very severely on the Friar by relating in his tale an instance of their fraud and hypocrisy. After the Prioress had related her story of the murder of a Christian child by the Jews, who, notwithstanding his throat had been cut, sang, to the amazement of the beholders, " both loude and clere," it came to Chaucer's turn to tell his story.

" When said was this miracle, every man
As sober was, as wonder was to see,
'Till that our host to joke again began,
And that at length he looked upon me,
And speaking thus—" What man art thou," quoth he,
" Thou lookest as thou wouldest find a hare,
For ever on the ground I see thee stare.

" Approach more near, and look up merrily,
Now ware you, Sirs, and let this man have place ;
He in the waist is shap'd as well as I,
This were a puppet in arms to embrace
For any woman small and fair of face.

" Say something now, since other folks have said,
Tell us a tale of mirth, and that anon."
" Host," quoth I, " be not ill afraid,
For other tale of certain can I none,
But of a rhyme I learned years agone."
" Yes that is good," quoth he, " now we shall hear
Some dainty thing, me thinketh, by thy cheer."

Chaucer then begins to relate " The Rime of Sir Thopas" in a metre and style quite different from the rest, as if he was not the author, but merely the reporter of the tales. This story, however, does not at all please " mine host,' who interrupts Chaucer, after he had related about two hundred lines,

" No more of this, for God his dignity,"
Quoth then our host———
Thou dost nought else but to dispend our time ;
Sir, at one word, thou shalt no longer rhyme,
Let's see whether thou can'st tell ought in jest,
Or tell in prose of somewhat at the least,
In which there may be some mirth or doctrine."

Chaucer accordingly obeys, and tells his story in " plain,

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* The Sompnour was an inferior officer, whose business it was to summon delinquents before the ecclesiastical courts.

simple prose." The Parson, whose turn was last, excuses himself from telling a story, but offers to give them an exhortation, as more suitable to the gravity of his character. This is agreed to on the part of the company, and with his discourse the tales finish, for we are not informed what befel the company on their arrival at Canterbury, nor whether they journeyed home together.

Oct. 30, 1808. E. D.

NELL GWYNN,

[WITH A PORTRAIT,]

Was, at her first setting out in the world, a plebeian of the lowest rank, and sold oranges at the playhouse. Some affirm that she was born in a night-cellar; certain it is, that she rambled from tavern to tavern, entertaining the company with her songs. As early as the year 1667, she was admitted in the Theatre-royal, and was mistress to Hart, to Lacy, and to Buckhurst. She became eminent in her profession as an actress, and performed the most spirited parts with admirable address. The pert prattle of the orange-wench by degrees refined into a wit, which pleased our Charles the Second. She ingratiated herself into her sovereign's affection, in which she retained a place to the time of her death. Dryden was very partial to her, and greatly assisted her in her rise at the Theatre; in return, when possessed of the power, she distinguished the poet by particular marks of gratitude. Many benevolent actions are recorded of her; and perhaps she was the only one of the King's mistresses who was never guilty of any infidelity towards him. It is ludicrous, perhaps, but it is nevertheless true, that Madam Gwynn (for so she was latterly called) piqued herself on her attachment to the Church of England. She was low in stature, and careless of her dress; but her pictures represent her as handsome. She died in 1687.

P. Lely Eques Pinx.t

R. H. Cooke. Sculp.t

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THE ARTS.

No. XIX.

ANECDOTES AND ECCENTRICITIES OF PAINTERS.

Otho Massæus. This Artist was celebrated for his paintings of *Reptiles*, *Insects*, and *Plants*. He devoted many hours of every day in search of vipers, adders, snakes, and those peculiar plants under which they sheltered themselves, or on which they were supposed to feed. Houbraken relates that he had a small spot of ground, at a little distance from Amsterdam, well enclosed, where he preserved all his poisonous reptiles, and fed them every day with his own hand: by which management he made them so familiar, that they would at any time readily come abroad into the open air, whenever he wanted to paint them; and lie quietly in any position, just as he thought proper to place them, and as long as he had occasion to observe them.

Felix Meyer. This painter acquired an extraordinary freedom of hand, and a singular readiness of execution, that equalled the vivacity of his imagination; of which he gave a remarkable proof at the Abbey of St. Florian, in Austria, where he happened to stop in his travels. The Abbot being desirous of having two grand apartments painted in fresco, and having consulted another Artist about it, who seemed very dilatory, applied to Meyer for his advice, in what manner he would have it executed. Meyer, for a few minutes, viewed and considered the place, and then taking a long stick, to which he fastened a piece of charcoal, he immediately began to design, saying, "here I would have a tree;" which he marked out as quick as possible: "at the remote distance, I would represent a forest, thus; here a fall of water, tumbling from great rocks;" and so on. As fast as he spoke, he designed; and deprived the Abbot of the power of expressing his approbation, so much was he lost in astonishment to see a design, with such elegance and taste, executed even without any time allowed for reflection. At the Abbot's request, Meyer undertook to finish the design: the other painter was dismissed, and the whole work was completed in one summer.

Peter Molyn. Having spent several years at Rome, he determined to visit Genoa, where the reputation he

had already acquired obtained for him a most honourable reception, and as much work as he could possibly execute. There he might have lived in an affluent situation, superior even to his hope, if he had not unhappily grown not only dissolute, but unpardonably vicious. He fell deeply in love with a Genoese lady, and left no art untried to seduce her; but finding all his attempts ineffectual, he proposed to marry her; although it was sufficiently known in Genoa that he had been married at Rome for a considerable time before, and that his wife was then alive, residing in that city.

When that objection was urged by the lady and her friends, he was exceedingly mortified; and resolved to have his wife assassinated to remove that obstruction. A person proper for the villainous purpose was soon engaged; and, to conceal the transaction as much as possible from public notice, he wrote an affectionate letter to his wife by that messenger, requesting her to accompany the bearer to Genoa. As she had a real affection for her husband, and wished to be with him, she readily obeyed his commands, and was murdered on her journey.

Yet, notwithstanding the secrecy of that scene of cruelty, the affair became suspected, and Molyn was directly seized, imprisoned, and, after full conviction, sentenced to be hanged. But, by the interest and application of the nobility, who regarded him highly for his extraordinary talents, the severity of the sentence was suspended, and he was retained in prison for a great length of time; nor would he probably have ever been released, had it not been effected by a very critical accicident: for, when Lewis XIV. bombarded Genoa, all the prisons were set open, and Molyn laid hold of that opportunity to escape to Placentia, after a confinement of sixteen years. From this affair he was nick-named Pietro Mulier, or de Muheribus, by which he was ever after known throughout all Italy.

Peter Peuteman. This artist was requested to paint an emblematical picture of Mortality, representing human skulls and bones, surrounded with rich gems and musical instruments, to express the vanity of this world's pleasures, amusements, or possessions; and, that he might imitate nature with the greater exactness, he went into an anatomy-room, where several skeletons hung by wires from the cieling, and bones, skulls, &c. lay scattered about, and immediately prepared to make his designs.

While he was thus employed, either by fatigue, or by intense study, insensibly he fell asleep, but was suddenly roused by a shock of an earthquake, which happened at that instant, on the 18th of September, 1692. The moment he awoke, he observed the skeletons move about as they were shaken in different directions, and the loose skulls roll from one side of the room to the other; and being totally ignorant of the cause, he was struck with such a horror, that he threw himself down stairs, and tumbled into the street, half dead. His friends took all possible pains to efface the impression made on his mind by that unlucky event, and acquainted him with the real cause of the agitations of the skeletons; yet the transaction still affected his spirits in so violent a manner, that it brought on a disorder which in a very short time ended his days.

PUNCH BOUGHT BY A LORD.

THERE is a ridiculous story told of a foolish Lord, who, being entertained at a puppet-show by the humours of Punch, purchased him of the exhibitor; and on finding he lost his wit in his new habitation, sent for his former master to complain of the disappointment.

We all laugh at this as the extreme of folly, and yet we see the same thing before our eyes every day in a thousand instances. How often is a man envied for the possession of a thing, the merit of which arises only from his management of it, and which would be entirely lost in the hands of the envier! How many Generals, who talk of the advantage of military discipline, would have been defeated by a thousand Persians, if they had commanded the ten thousand of Xenophon! How many men, who envy their friends for having the best-bitted horses, and the meekest wives, would be thrown by the quietest pony, and henpecked by Griselda herself! How many silent senators, who wish for the eloquence and the confidence of a Pitt or a Fox, would only expose their own folly by the acquisition!

—Quid rides? Mutato nomine, de te
Fabula narratur.

WOODWARD, THE COMEDIAN.

HENRY WOODWARD was born in London in 1717, was educated at Merchant-Tailors' school, and at first engaged in the business of a tallow-chandler. He was then bound apprentice to the late Mr. Rich, under whose tuition he became qualified for a Harlequin. His subsequent success as a comic actor is too well known to need commemoration. After he had saved about 6000l. from his emoluments on the stages in London, he lost it all again by imprudently commencing manager in Ireland. He then returned to Covent-garden, where he continued till the time of his death, which happened April 17, 1777, occasioned by an accident as he was jumping on a table in the character of Scrub. During his illness, the late Dr. Isaac Schomberg (his schoolfellow), who attended him, refused the acceptance of a single fee. To have been thus respected by a man of distinguished integrity is no small degree of praise. Mr. Woodward was the author of a farce called "Marplot in Lisbon;" and "The Man's the Master," a comedy, in 1775, 8vo.

M. DE VIELLEVILLE.

FRANCIS the First having appointed this French nobleman Captain of a regiment of which he had been Lieutenant, sent for him to announce his promotion to him. Vielleville humbly thanked his Majesty for the honour he had conferred upon him, but begged to decline it, as he said he had "done nothing as yet worthy of it." His sovereign replied, "Why, Sir, I am very much mistaken then; for I thought, if you had been five hundred miles off, that you would have galloped night and day to ask this rank of me; and now I offer it to you myself, you refuse it. I cannot tell, I am sure, on what other occasion you can expect that I should give it to you."—"Sire," replied Vielleville, "on the day of battle, when I shall have done something to deserve it; but if I accept of the honour your Majesty intends for me at this instant, all my companions will ridicule me for accepting it, and suppose that it was given me in consideration of my being the near relation of the officer who last held it. I assure your Majesty I had rather die than obtain rank through any other medium than that of service."

Freeman. sculp.

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NOTE ON HAMLET.

"HAM. Your Ladyship is nearer to Heaven, than when I saw you last, by the altitude of a *chopine*.'

In Raymond's Voyage through Italy, 1648, 12mo. a work which is said to have been partly written by Dr. Bargrave, Prebendary of Canterbury, the following curious account of the *chopine* occurs. "This place [Venice] is much frequented by the walking maypoles, I meane the women. They weare their coats halfe too long for their bodies, being mounted on their *chippeens* (which are as high as a man's leg); they walke between two handmaids, majestickly deliberating of every step they take. This fashion was invented and appropriated to the noble Venetian's wives, to bee constant to distinguish them from the courtesans, who goe covered in a vaile of white taffety."

James Howell, speaking of the Venetian women, says, "They are low and of small statures for the most part, which makes them to rayse their bodies upon high shoes called *chapins*, which gave one occasion to say that the Venetian ladies were made of three things; one part of them was wood, meaning their chapins, another part was their apparrell, and the third part was a woman; the Senat hath often endeavour'd to take away the wearing of those high shooes; but all women are so passionately delighted with this kind of state, that no law can weane them from it."

Some have supposed that the jealously of Italian husbands gave rise to the invention of the *chopine*. Limojon de Saint Didier, a lively French writer on the Republic of Venice, mentions a conversation with some of the Doge's Counsellors of State on this subject, in which it was remarked that smaller shoes would certainly be found more convenient; which induced one of the Counsellors to say, putting on at the same time a very austere look, *pur troppo commodi, pur troppo*. The first ladies who rejected the use of the chopine were the daughters of the Doge Dominico Contareno, about the year 1670. It was impossible to set one foot before the other without leaning on the shoulders of two waiting-women, and those who used them must have stalked along like boys in stilts.

THEATRICAL INSOLENCE.

THE unbecoming conduct of those individuals, who supported by public patronage, frequently treat their benefactors with rudeness and insult, hath been often remarked and severely censured in many publications; an instance of this species of ingratitude, which took place at Athens, is recorded by a Greek historian.

A tragedy having been announced for public representation, the Athenians, on the day appointed, assembled in crowds; but just as the piece should have commenced, a popular actor, who, according to the custom of that age, was to have played a principal female part, refused to act, unless he was immediately furnished with a more splendid dress, and a greater train of attendants.

The insolent upstart was told, that if he had communicated his wishes at an earlier period of the business, they should certainly have been complied with, but that his expecting a new dress and additional attendants, at a moment when the people were impatiently expecting the tragedy to begin, was inconsistent and absurd. The player obstinately persisted in his resolution not to act unless his terms were complied with; the delay, altercation, and confusion, exasperated the manager so much, that he forcibly pushed the stubborn blockhead on the stage, at the same time observing to him, in an audible voice, "How can you be so ridiculous as to wish to make a parade and shew, when you see among the audience the wife of Phocian, the greatest of our commanders, the plainest drest of all the audience, and attended only by a single slave."

This well-timed reproof excited a loud and universal applause; the corrected offender, who deserved to have been hissed from the theatre, felt he was wrong, apologised for his preposterous conduct, and immediately performed his part.

SPANIARDS AND PORTUGUESE.

WE are apt to mistake the character of the Spaniards; there is, in the very excess and abundance of their wit, joy, and good humour, a certain steady evenness of manners, equally distant from pedantry, levity, and affectation; more mirth of the heart than all the noise, grimace, and *badinage* of their neighbours; a kind of grave, dry,

sententious humour, with a serene and placid firmness of countenance.

But, from too much of the religious, and then of the military spirit, they have rapidly declined into enthusiasm and cruelty; and as the human character never stops, have still continued to sink into indifference, pride, indolence, and barren devotion; they cannot be excited to any great effort but by superstitious terrors, love, revenge, and a fandango, the favourite dance of all ranks, in which, from a state of death-like stupidity, they will, at the first touch of an instrument, join with enthusiasm, animation, grace, and delight.

It seems to have been the system of Spain and Portugal, to protect themselves by distance and desolation; to leave whole districts uncultivated, and roads impassable; as military science declined, timidity succeeded to discipline, and men prepared for war, by casing themselves in armour, to be smothered, or by shutting themselves up in castles, to be starved; they forgot that national strength consists in an active, moving, disposable force; and that the safest state of defence is, being always ready to attack.

The Portuguese pride has usefully changed its object, from the black cloak, spectacles, an affectation of wisdom and sanctity, and having nothing to do; they are grown fond of fine cloths, are become diligent, enterprizing, and active.

Lisbon is a mixture of luxury and misery, nastiness and magnificence; the buildings erected since the earthquake of 1755 are barbarously gigantic: the Marquis de Pombal, their chief projector, had the misfortune of being elevated out of the reach of controul; no man presumed to understand even his own trade so well as the Prime Minister.

THEORY AGAINST FACT.

It is, I understand, an established opinion of the present day among professional men, that impressions made on the mind of a pregnant woman cannot in any way affect her unborn infant. Yet numerous and well-authenticated relations have strongly inclined many persons to think differently. Malbranche relates, that a Parisian female of his day, tempted by unamiable curiosity to see

a public execution, was so struck with horror, that she was soon after delivered of a child, with bruises and fractures on different parts of its body and limbs, similar to those of the malefactor, who had been broken on the wheel.

A friend of the editor's, to whom this circumstance was mentioned, and an orthodox thinker on the subject, raised a long and loud laugh against the relater of it, a venerable divine: "Nothing," said the humourist, who when he has any thing to say, thinks the wit a sufficient apology for the rudeness of his interruptions—"nothing is easier to account for; the poor terrified woman, who, by the way, ought to have been at home mending her husband's stockings, would naturally endeavour to get away from a sight which affected her so disagreeably; and in the pressure of a rude and unyielding crowd, which generally collects on such occasions, might, very probably, be squeezed and bruised, herself as well as the infant, in the manner you describe, without having recourse to any supernatural means."

He who is laughed at will not long be listened to; the quoter of Malbranche attempted to reply, but every word was overpowered by the noisy mirth of his companions. Yet similar accidents of pregnant women alarmed by mutilated beggars, monkies, monsters, &c. &c. have frequently come under the notice of the writer of this article, and many persons of undoubted veracity.

The common-place scientific answer to facts like these is as follows: "the position you wish to support is impossible and untenable, for a nervous intercourse and communication between the mother and fœtus *hath never yet been discovered*, by the most accurate dissectors and diligent anatomists and physiologists: and, till such nervous connection hath been pointed out, it is impossible for a man at all acquainted with the animal economy to be of your opinion.

"The circumstances you mention, and the monstrous births you point out, I do not mean to doubt; but be assured they were mere *lusus naturæ*, and would have taken place precisely in the same way without the previous and intervening accidents. Such appearances take place every day in plants, herbs, and trees, and I hope you do not attribute it in them to the effect of a thinking principle."

It has been observed, in reply, that to allow that impressions of the mother *may* affect her child is no more difficult to account for than those striking resemblances between them in form, countenance and disposition.

Those reasoners on this subject, who cannot relinquish their opinions because the nervous communication *hath not yet been discovered*, have been told, that this is no proof of its non-existence; their mode of arguing has been compared to that of an ingenious gentleman recorded in a former volume, who denied the circulation of the blood, because it was incompatible with the received notions and doctrines of Aristotle.

DIFFERENT VIEWS OF HUMAN NATURE.

"ALL," says a certain writer, "which can be done by a wise man (seeing that by nature he is appointed to act for the space of 30, 50, or 70 years, some ridiculous silly part in this fantastic theatre of misery, vice, and corruption), is either to lament with Heraclitus the iniquities of the world, or (which is the more cheerful, and therefore I do presume the more eligible, course) to laugh with Democritus at all the fools and knaves upon earth." Montaigne preferred Democritus's humour to Heraclitus's; "not," says he, "because it is more pleasant to laugh than to weep, but because it is more scornful, and more expressive of contempt, than the other: for," adds he, "I think we can never be enough despised." *Essais*, I. 50.—To Brutus, courting him into the conspiracy against Cæsar, Statilius answered, that he was "perfectly satisfied of the justness of the cause, but did not think mankind so considerable, as to deserve a wise man's concern:" agreeably to that of Theodorus, who "would not have a wise man run any risks for a company of fools."—Muretus seems to have entertained a sublimer idea of human importance; when, having fallen sick upon the road, and overhearing a consultation of physicians, who, supposing him an obscure person, agreed at length *facere periculum in corpore vili*, as they expressed it, he cried aloud, "What! will you presume to make experiments upon one, for whom Christ died?" *Menagiana.*

AN OLD PROVERB.

The old English proverb, ‘ An ounce of mother wit is worth a pound of learning,’ seems well exemplified in the following dialogue, translated from the German :—

‘ How large is the moon which we now see in the heavens? said Hans, the son of the clergyman, to the farmer's son, Frederick, as they were walking together on a fine summer's evening.

“ *Frederick.*—As large as a baking-dish.

“ *Hans.*—Ha! ha! ha! As large as a baking-dish? No, Frederick, it is full as large as a whole country.

“ *Frederick.*—What do you tell me? as large as a whole country? How do you know it is so large?

“ *Hans.*—My tutor told me so.

“ While they were talking, Augustus, another boy, came by; and Hans ran laughing up to him, and said, Only hear, Augustus! Frederick says the moon is no larger than a baking-dish.

“ No? replied Augustus. The moon must be at least as big as our barn. When my father has taken me with him into the city, I have observed that the globe on the top of the dome of the cathedral seems like a very little ball; and yet it will contain three sacks of corn, and the moon must be a great deal higher than the dome.

“ Now which of these three little philosophers was the most intelligent?—I must give it in favour of the last; though Hans was most in the right, through the instruction of his master. But it is much more honourable to come even at all near the truth, by one's own reasoning, than to give implicit faith to the hypothesis of another.”

MONSIEUR TRERET

Was a learned Frenchman, under the regal government, who, on some unfounded pretence, was taken out of his bed, at two o'clock in the morning, and carried to the Bastile.

After a confinement of several weeks, and in perfect ignorance of the cause of his imprisonment, the Lieutenant of Police at last called to take his examination: “ Will you have the goodness,” said Treret, as that officer entered his room, “ will you have the goodness to tell me, for what crime I am shut up in this place?” The Lieutenant replied with great coolness, “ I think you have a great deal of curiosity.”

REVIEW OF BOOKS.

PROBATQUE CULPATQUE.

History of the Female Sex; comprising a View of the Habits, Manners, and Influence of Women, among all Nations, from the earliest Ages to the present Time, translated from the German of C. Meiners, Counsellor of State to His Britannic Majesty, and Professor of Philosophy at the University of Gottingen. By Frederick Shoberl. 4 *Vols.* 12*mo.* *l*1. 10*s.* *Colburn.* 1808.

" ' Tis woman that seduces all mankind." What Gay has ludicrously and ironically observed in the *Beggar's Opera* is here exemplified with a solemnity which will not much recommend the author to the favourable opinion of the Ladies; for he seems more inclined to exhibit the frailties, follies, and vices, which have marked the career of several distinguished women, rather than those amiable and delicate traits, which with all their imperfections we are disposed to think are the predominant and distinguished characteristics of the female sex. M. Meiners takes a wide and extensive range, beginning with the state of women among the Heathen nations of Siberia and the Aborigines of America; then among the Negroes of America; the Inhabitants of Mangolia, the South of Asia, and the Islands of the East Indies and South Sea; the Eastern nations in general; the Sclavonic nations of Europe; the Celtic nations, during the times preceding the age of chivalry; the antient Greeks and Romans; and so through the nations of Europe, down to the æra of the French Revolution.

In the course of this History some curious facts and many amusing and interesting anecdotes are collected, but they are, compared with the entire contents of the four Volumes, as grains of wheat in a bundle of chaff; and consequently, scarce worth the trouble of searching for them. The Volume which treats of the age of Louis XIV. of France will be perused with the greatest degree of satisfaction; and from this part of the work we shall make one extract, which will serve to shew the

vast influence which some of the favourites of that King had over the affairs of State, and the dreadful effects, both moral and political, which *must* ensue, when women of bad character and dispositions are allowed to interfere with the sovereign authority.

" The love of pleasure, pomp, and profusion, which the King excited, and rendered either habitual or indispensably necessary ; the consequent, speedy, and almost general impoverishment of the nobility ; the eagerness after favour, places, and pensions, resulting from urgent necessities and pressing embarrassments; and the desire of making and advancing fortunes, were still more powerful causes of the universal corruption of morals. Men of rank, and even Princes, cringed before the King, before his ministers and his mistresses, before their minions and the favourites of the latter ; and this example, set by husbands and fathers, was followed by their wives and daughters. The women began to live in a low familiarity with men of business. Those who could not aspire to the comptroller, or the farmers-general, insinuated themselves into the good graces of their agents and clerks. They delivered in new projects, and proposed fresh taxes. They sold their patronage ; they sold their virtue ; they sold the marrow of the people. The labouring part of the nation was oppressed by the lovely part*. Those who possessed power made use of it for the purpose of plunder, or to sell to others the liberty of robbing and cheating with impunity. Such as durst not, or would not, have recourse to these expedients, sought to raise themselves in the world by advantageous marriages. Men of the highest rank courted the daughters of opulent financiers, or of favourites, by whose recommendation they hoped to obtain large dowries, lucrative places or pensions†. The blood of the French nobility became depraved ; the distinctions of rank were almost abolished, and wealth was the only standard by which the worth and

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* *Mem. de Maintenon*, II. p. 114.

† For a niece of Madame de Maintenon, even a Prince of the house of Lorraine, and the son of the Duke de Noailles, durst not offer themselves as suitors. The latter obtained her hand, and Mademoiselle d'Aubigny was the commencement of the prodigious fortune which the house of Noailles in the sequel acquired. *Mem. de Maintenon*, IV. p 250.

consequence of persons and families was estimated. Among the whole court, small indeed was the number of beautiful women, who would not have offered, or have been ready on the slightest intimation, to sacrifice their own honour, and that of their families, to the happiness of being the mistress of the King. There was, in fact, not a family at the Court of Louis XIV. but what built the hope of honours and fortune on the beauty of their daughters, and encouraged the latter to make it their study to gain the affections of the King *.

"The same wants and desires which originated in the avidity for favour, places, and pensions, were increased and still more generally diffused by the passion for play. The King, as I have already related in another place, prohibited the most ruinous games of hazard in the capital, upon pain of death; but at the same time tolerated them at court. He played himself; the Queen, the Princes, and the Princesses, were passionately attached to play. The courtiers followed their illustrious examples, and played so high, that a person sometimes lost one hundred thousand pistoles in an evening. Gentlemen and ladies of the highest rank kept gaming-houses or banks, which were so many lures for the avarice of men; so many abysses that engulphed the fortunes of families; so many rocks on which the happiness, honour, and virtue of natives and foreigners were wrecked. From these places emissaries were sent out to discover such persons as had been left a rich inheritance, or had received a considerable present, or had gained an important law-suit, or had won a large sum at play, or who were willing to stake upon a card the monies with which they were entrusted. Numberless were the instances of persons who totally ruined themselves by gaming, and had no other excuse to make, than that they could not live without play."

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* This was the case with Mademoiselle de la Mothe;—*Hist. Amour. des Gaules.* II. p. 24, and afterwards with Mademoiselle de Montages, as well as many others.

Poems, and Tales; by Miss Trefusis, 12mo. 2 *vols.* 10*s. Tipper.* 1808.

With many faults, these poems possess great excellencies: an elegant simplicity is their prevailing character; and the amiable author, who survived the publication but a few months, seems to have been careful to blend the purest morality with the effusions of her fancy. We cordially recommend them to her fair countrywomen.

Observations on Seduction and Prostitution, and on the evil Consequences arising from them; extracted from Matthew Henry's Exposition on the Old and New Testament; by Mary Smith, a Penitent, late of the Magdalen Hospital; and published for her Benefit: with a Poem, by Mr. Pratt, on the same Subject. Second Edition. To which are prefixed, preliminary Observations; and an Address to the Legislature, containing some proposed Measures for the Suppression of Seduction and Female Prostitution. 12mo. 2*s.* 6*d. Hatchard,* 1808.

The shocking prevalence of *Seduction*, of which *Prostitution* is the necessary and almost unavoidable consequence, demands the serious attention and strongest check of the legislature. In what mode, and to what extent, the law should be allowed to act, we do not presume to suggest; but surely some measures should be devised and sanctioned by Parliamentary authority, for the severer punishment of seduction, and adultery, crimes which stand foremost among the *crying sins of the nation.* In these observations their moral and religious guilt is forcibly painted, and, as brought forward, or rather compiled, by a Penitent female, who has tasted the bitterness of Prostitution, but has happily been snatched from the perdition to which it leads, they may have a beneficial effect if properly circulated among her more unfortunate sisters. Under this impression we strongly recommend the present pamphlet, which may also be read with advantage by every description of persons, male and female. We are aware of the difficulty

of adopting new legislative measures for the punishment of seducers and adulterers, and that some of our most zealous moralists have been foiled in the benevolent attempt to establish them. But the endeavour is not yet hopeless; and when the times shall be under less political pressure, we trust that this interesting point will not pass without the serious consideration due to it.

We need not offer any apology for quoting the following Observations from Mr. Colquhoun's *Treatise on the Metropolis.*

"In contemplating the case of those unhappy females who support themselves by prostitution in the metropolis of London, and in the *country towns*, it is impossible to avoid dropping a tear of pity. Many of them, perhaps, originally seduced from a state of innocence, while they were the joy and comfort of their unhappy parents—many of them born and educated to expect a better fate, until, deceived by falsehood and villany, they see their error when it is too late to recede. In this situation, abandoned by their relations and friends, deserted by their seducers, and at large upon the world, loathed and avoided by those who formerly held them in estimation, what are they to do? In the present unhappy state of things, they seem to have no alternative, but to become the miserable instruments of promoting and practising that species of seduction and immorality of which they themselves were the victims. And what is the result?—It is pitiable to relate—They are compelled by necessity to mingle with an abandoned herd, who have long been practised in the walks of infamy, and they too become speedily polluted and depraved. Oaths, imprecations, and obscene language, by degrees become familiar to their ears, and necessity compels them to endure, and at length to imitate, and practise, in their turn, upon the unwary youth, who too easily falls into the snare.

"Thus it is from the multitudes of those unhappy females, that assemble now in all parts of large cities and towns, that the morals of the youth are corrupted; that unnecessary expenses are incurred; and undue, and too often criminal, means are resorted to for the purpose of gratifying passions, which, but for these temptations constantly assailing them in almost every street in the metropolis of London, and in all the large cities and towns in the country, would not have been thought of. Through

this medium, *apprentices*, *clerks*, and *other persons in trust*, are seduced from the paths of honesty, masters are plundered, and parents are afflicted; while many a youth, who might have become the pride of his family, a comfort to the declining years of his parents, and an ornament to society, exchanges a life of virtue and industry for the pursuits of the gambler, the swindler, and the vagabond. Nor is the lot of these poor deluded females less deplorable. Although some few of them may obtain settlements, while others bask for a while in the temporary sunshine of ease and splendour, the major part end a short life in misery and wretchedness.

"What has become of the multitudes of unfortunate females, elegant in their persons, and sumptuous in their attire, who were seen in the streets of the metropolis of London, and in other large cities, and at places of public amusement, twenty years ago? Alas! could their progress be developed, and their ultimate situations or exit from the world disclosed, it would lay open a catalogue of sufferings and affliction beyond what the most romantic fancy could depict or exhibit to the feeling mind.

"Exposed to the rude insults of the inebriated and the vulgar, the impositions of brutal officers and watchmen, and to the chilling blasts of the night, during the most inclement weather, in thin apparel, partly in compliance with the fashion of the day, but more frequently from the pawnbrokers' shops rendering their necessary garments inaccessible, diseases are generated which even their unhappy vocation does not produce. No pitying hand appears to help them in such situations. The feeling parent or relation is far off. An abandoned monster of the same sex, inured in the practice of infamy and seduction, instead of the consolation which sickness requires, threatens to turn the unhappy victim out of doors, when the means of subsistence are cut off, and the premium for shelter is no longer forthcoming; or, perhaps, the unfeeling landlord of a miserable half-furnished lodging afflicts the poor unhappy female, by declarations equally hostile to the feelings of humanity, till, at length, turned out into the streets, she languishes and ends her miserable days in an hospital or a workhouse; or, perhaps, perishes in some inhospitable hovel alone, without a friend to console her, or a fel-

low mortal to close her eyes, in the pangs of dissolution.

"To restore to a virtuous and industrious course of life the unfortunate *victims* of *seduction*, is, no doubt, one of the greatest acts of mercy we are capable of performing. Several institutions, for this truly Christian purpose, are established in or near this metropolis—the Magdalen Hospital, the Lock Asylum, and the London Female Penitentiary. It is scarcely possible to imagine a situation more wretched, and more to be pitied, than that into which many of these unhappy sufferers are plunged, by the wicked arts of their seducers; and great indeed must be the joy of those persons who are more immediately employed in bringing back these miserable young women to the paths of virtue, and restoring them to the arms of their afflicted parents and friends: but our endeavours should not only be exercised in reclaiming those who have fallen into such misfortunes, we ought likewise to do what lies in our power to protect the unwary female from the snares of the cruel seducer, the plunderer of virtue and innocence."

The Contrast; a Poem: including Comparative Views of Britain, France, and Spain, at the present Moment; in two parts; addressed to an English Nobleman. By Mr. Pratt, Author of "Sympathy, Gleanings," &c. &c. 3d Edit. corrected, 12*mo. p.* 28. *Cradock and Joy,* 1808.

The primary object of Mr. Pratt, in these lines, was to congratulate Lord Shaftesbury on his return to England from his confinement in France, and to *contrast* the situation of the two countries; which he has done with great force and feeling: but the noble resistance to the Gallic yoke in Spain prompted him to enlarge his Poem, and "build the lofty rhyme" in celebration of an occurrence which is worthy of the best offerings of the Muse, and, whatever may be the fate of the contest, will conduce to the everlasting glory of the Spanish character.

After dwelling on the atrocities of the French, and the state of wretched degradation to which Bonaparte has reduced his subjects, Mr. Pratt finely adverts to the noble efforts in Spain.

" But, O ! what visions, awful and profound,
Pregnant with happier omens, crowd around :
What kindling glory bursts upon the sight,
Fair as when chaos hail'd the birth of light ;
When the *first* sunbeam on the mass was shed,
And utter darkness from the radiance fled ;
Swift as the light'ning's flash, the thunder's roll,
Th' effulgence rushes on the startled soul.
Lo ! as it spreads into more perfect day !
Exulting myriads bless th' expanding ray,
Pursue th' illumin'd track their fathers trod,
Rise to new life, and feel the inspiring God.
From Heav'n from highest Heav'n, descends the flame,
To point and guide the way to gen'rous fame.
'Twas thus the pillar'd fire its beam display'd,
To gild the sacred path which Heaven had made."

We have only room for one more extract. The brief recapitulation of some of the ancient exploits of the Spaniards is highly animated. He urges the brave patriots to proceed in imitating the valour of their ancestors, and set the same brilliant example to *their* posterity.

" Hence may the captive nations nobly rise,
And take again the track where glory lies !
AUSTRIA renew'd, her spirit still unbroke,
Th' unblemish'd Charles may rescue from her yoke ;
Deluded RUSSIA may redeem her fame,
And feel the tinge of mingled rage and shame.
Redeem'd from serpent GALLIA's loath'd embrace,
(For just revenge may arm her hardy race,)
DENMARK again may meet BRITANNIA's hand ;
And even degraded PRUSSIA's fetter'd band,
As from the mould'ring mansions of the dead,
Haply may raise once more her shrouded head.
Thrice noble SWEDE ! of an undaunted line,
In this vast strife our hopes, our pray'rs, are thine !
Illustrious son of an illustrious sire,
Whom honour, virtue, and the Muse inspire !"

He concludes with panegyrizing Great Britain for lending its aid to the Spanish cause ; an aid which we almost fear has been afforded too late ; at least, from what has recently occurred, without giving way to despondence, we have certainly more to apprehend than to hope or expect. Heaven prosper the right !

Engraved by R.H.Cook from the fine Print by Vertue.

Published 1 June 1807, by Mathews & Leigh.

Engraved by Evans, from a fine print by Vertue.

Published Sept.r 1.st 1811 by Harding & Lepard

THE DRAMA.

ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE.——*Shakspeare.*

FRANCIS BEAUMONT.

THIS gentleman was descended from a very ancient family of that name, seated at Grace-Dieu, in Leicestershire. His grandfather, John Beaumont, had been Master of the Rolls, and his father, Francis Beaumont, one of the Judges of the Court of Common Pleas. Nor was his descent less honourable on the side of his mother, whose name was Anne, the daughter of George Pierrepoint, of Home-Pierrepoint, in the county of Nottingham, Esq. and of the same family from which the present Duke of Kingston derives his ancestry.

Our poet, however, appears to have been only a younger son, Jacob mentioning a brother of his by the title of Sir Henry Beaumont, though Cibber with more propriety, in his Lives of the Poets, vol. I. p. 157, calls him Sir John Beaumont. He was born in the year 1585, and received his education at Cambridge, and he afterwards was entered a student in the Inner Temple. Although, out of fifty-three plays, which are collected together as the labours of Beaumont and Fletcher, Beaumont was concerned in much the greatest part of them, yet he did not live to complete his thirtieth year; he died in the beginning of March 1615, on the 9th day of which he was interred in the entrance of St. Benedict's Chapel, in Westminster-Abbey. He left behind him only one daughter, Mrs. Frances Beaumont, who must then have been an infant, as she died in Leicestershire since the year 1700. She had been possessed of several MS. poems of her father's writing, which were lost in her voyage from Ireland, in which kingdom she had resided for some time, in the family of the Duke of Ormond.

JOHN FLETCHER.

THIS gentleman was not more meanly descended than his poetical colleague; his father, the Rev. Dr. Fletcher, having been first made Bishop of Bristol, by Queen Eliza-

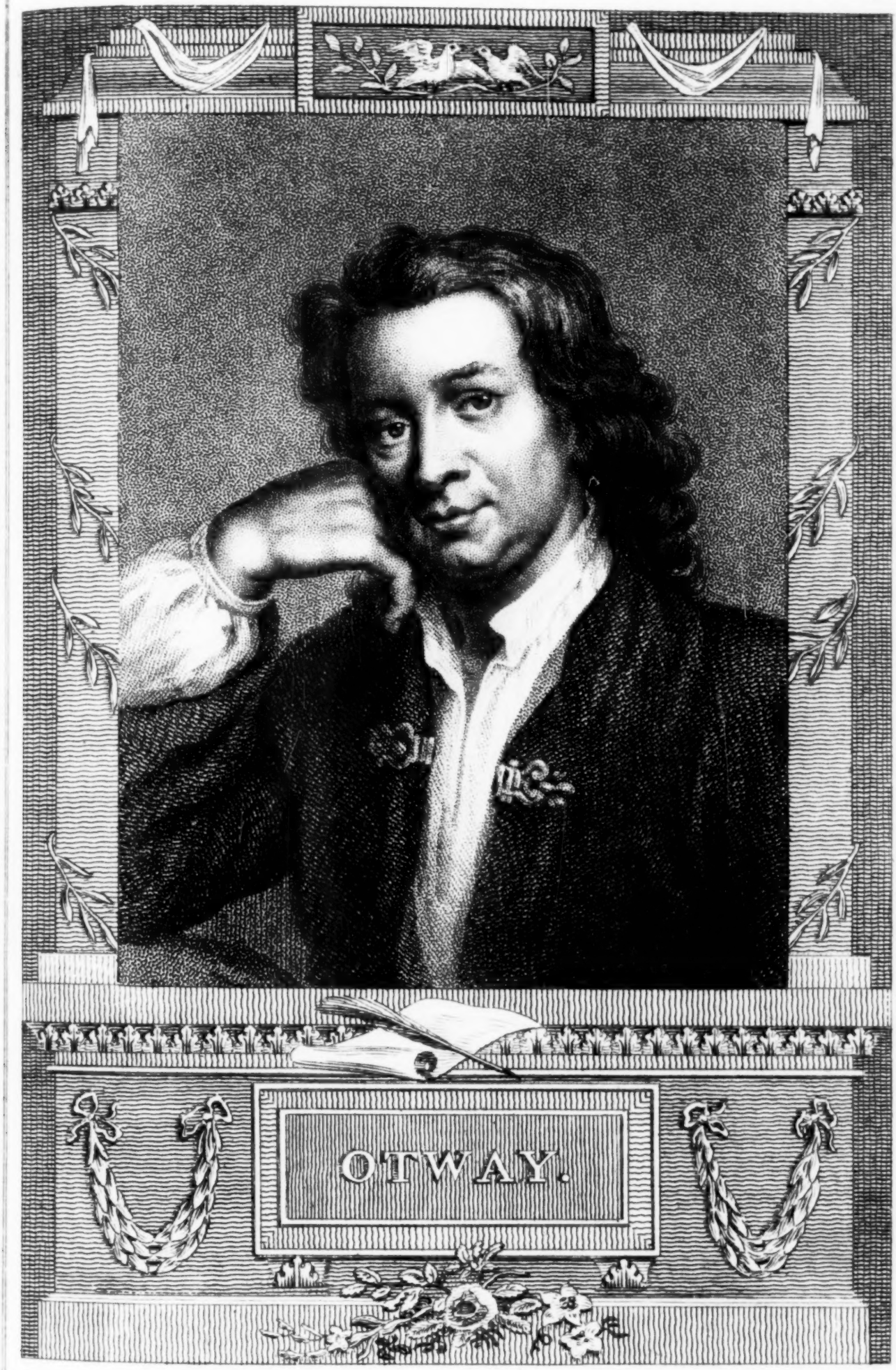
beth, and afterwards by the same monarch, in the year 1593, translated to the see of London. Our poet was born in 1576, and was, as well as his friend, educated at Cambridge, where he made a great proficiency in his studies, and was accounted a very good scholar. His natural vivacity of wit, for which he was remarkable, soon rendered him a devotee to the Muses; and his close attention to their service, and fortunate connection with a genius equal to his own, soon raised him to one of the highest places in the temple of poetical fame. As he was born near ten years before Mr. Beaumont, so he did also survive him by an equal number of years; the general calamity of a plague, which happened in the year 1625, involving him in its great destruction, he being at that time forty-nine years of age.

THOMAS OTWAY.

He was the son of the Rev. Mr. Humphrey Otway, Rector of Woolbeding, in Sussex, and was born the 3d of March, in the year 1651. He received his education at Wickeham school, near Winchester, and became a commoner of Christ Church, in Oxford, in 1669. But, on his quitting the university, and coming to London, he turned player. His success as an actor was but indifferent, having made only one attempt in Mrs. Behn's tragedy of The Jealous Bridegroom; he was more valued for the sprightliness of his conversation and the acuteness of his wit; which gained him the friendship of the Earl of Plymouth, who procured him a Cornet's commission in the troops which then served in Flanders.

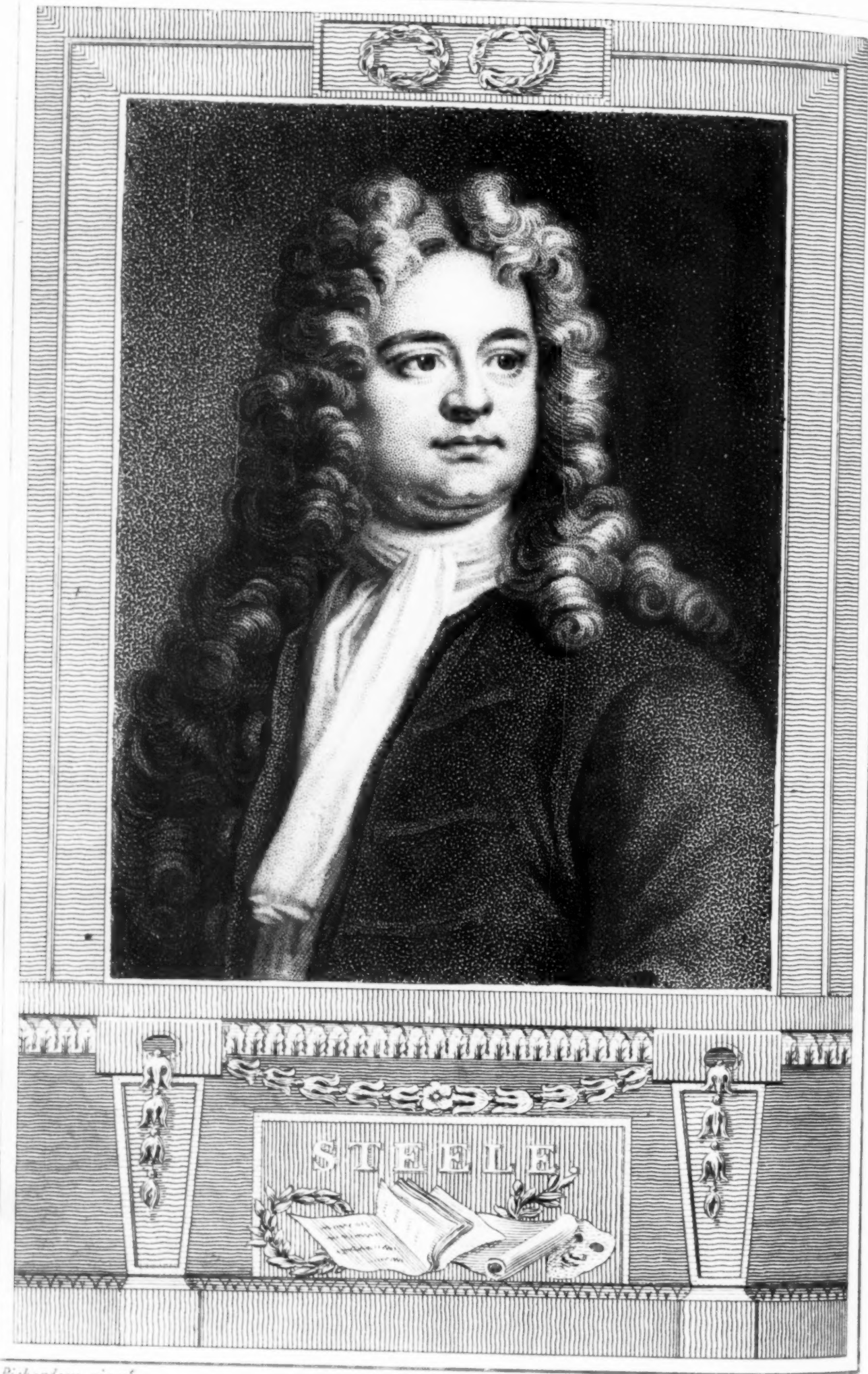
Otway, like the rest of the wits of every age, was but a bad economist; and therefore it is no wonder that we generally find him in very necessitous circumstances. This was particularly the case with him at his return from Flanders. He was, moreover, averse to the military profession, and it is therefore not extraordinary, all things considered, that Tom and his commission soon quarrelled and parted, never to meet again.

After this, he had recourse to writing for the stage; and now it was that he found out the only employment that nature seems to have fitted him for. In comedy he has been deemed too licentious; which, however, was no great objection to those who lived in the profligate days of Charles II. But in tragedy few of our English poets



Sir G. Kneller pinxt. *Woodman Junr. sculp.*

Published March 1st 1808; by Mathews & Leigh.



Richardson pinx.t *Meadows. sculp.*

Published by Mathews and Leigh, June 1st 1808.

ever equalled him; and perhaps none ever excelled him in touching the passions, particularly that of love.

But though Otway possessed, in so eminent a degree, the rare talent of writing to the heart, yet he was not very favourably regarded by some of his contemporary poets; nor was he always successful in his dramatic compositions. After experiencing many reverses of fortune, in regard to his circumstances, but generally changing for the worse, he at last died wretchedly in a public house on Tower-Hill, April 14, 1685, whither he had retired to avoid the pressure of his creditors. Some have said, that hunger compelling him to fall too eagerly upon a piece of bread, of which he had been some time in want, the first mouthful choaked him, and instantly put a period to his days.

SIR RICHARD STEELE

Was born about the year 1677, in Ireland, in which kingdom one branch of the family was possessed of a considerable estate in the county of Wexford. His father, a counsellor at law in Dublin, was private secretary to James Duke of Ormond, but he was of English extraction, and his son, while very young, being carried to London, he put him to school at the Charter-house, whence he was removed to Merton College, in Oxford, where he was admitted a post-master in 1692. His inclination and genius being turned to polite literature, he commenced author during his residence in the university, and actually finished a comedy; which, however, he thought fit to suppress, as unworthy of his genius. Mr. Steele was well-beloved and respected by the whole society, and had a good interest with them after he left the university, which he did without taking any degree, in the full resolution to enter into the army. This step was highly displeasing to his friends; but the ardour of his passion for a military life rendered him deaf to any other proposal. Not being able to procure a better station, he entered as a private gentleman in the horse-guards, notwithstanding he thereby lost the succession to his Irish estate. However, as he had a flow of good nature, a generous openness and frankness of spirit, and a sparkling vivacity of wit,—these qualities rendered him the delight of the soldiery, and procured him an ensign's commis-

sion in the guards. In the mean time, as he had made choice of a profession which set him free from all the ordinary restraints on youth, he spared not to indulge his inclinations in the wildest excesses. Yet his gaieties and revels did not pass without some cool hours of reflection, and in these it was that he drew up his little treatise, entitled The Christian Hero, with a design, if we may believe himself, to be a check upon his passions. For this use and purpose it had lain some time by him, when he printed it in 1701, with a dedication to Lord Cutts, who had not only appointed him his private secretary, but procured for him a company in Lord Lucas's regiment of fusileers. The whole plan and tenour of our author's book was such a flat contradiction to the general course of his life, that it became a subject of much mirth and raillery: but these shafts had no effect; he persevered invariably in the same contradiction, and, though he had no power to change his heart, yet his pen was never prostituted to his follies. Under the influence of that good sense, he wrote his first play, which procured him the regard of King William, who resolved to give him some essential marks of his favour; and though, upon that Prince's death, his hopes were disappointed, yet, in the beginning of Queen Anne's reign, he was appointed to the profitable place of Gazetteer. He owed this post to the friendship of Lord Halifax, and the Earl of Sunderland, to whom he had been recommended by his school-fellow, Mr. Addison. That gentleman also lent him an helping hand in promoting the comedy, called The Tender Husband, which was acted in 1704, with great success. But his next play, The Lying Lover, found a very different fate. Upon this rebuff from the stage, he turned the same humourous current into another channel; and, early in the year 1709, he began to publish The Tatler; which admirable paper was undertaken in concert with Dr. Swift. His reputation was perfectly established by this work; and, during the course of it, he was made a commissioner of the stamp-duties, in 1710. Upon the change of the ministry the same year, he sided with the Duke of Marlborough, who had several years entertained a friendship for him; and, upon his Grace's dismission from all employments, in 1711, Mr. Steele addressed a letter of thanks to him for the services done to his country. However, as our author still continued to hold his place in the stamp-office under the new administration, he forbore entering

with his pen upon political subjects. But, adhering more closely to Mr. Addison, he dropped The Tatler; and afterwards, by the assistance chiefly of that steady friend, he carried on the same plan, under the title of The Spectator. The success of this paper was equal to that of the former, which encouraged him, before the close of it, to proceed upon the same design in the character of The Guardian. This was opened in the beginning of the year 1713, and was laid down in October the same year. But, in the course of it, his thoughts took a stronger turn to politics; he engaged with great warmth against the ministry, and, being determined to prosecute his views that way, by procuring a seat in the House of Commons, he immediately removed all obstacles thereto. For that purpose, he took care to prevent a forcible dismission from his post in the stamp-office, by a timely resignation of it to the Earl of Oxford; and, at the same time, gave up a pension, which had been, till this time, paid him by the Queen, as a servant to the late Prince George of Denmark. This done, he wrote the famous Guardian, upon the demolition of Dunkirk, which was published August 7, 1713; and the parliament being dissolved the next day, the Guardian was soon followed by several other warm polilical tracts against the administration. Upon the meeting of the new parliament, Mr. Steele having been returned a member for the borough of Stockbridge, in Dorsetshire, took his seat accordingly in the House of Commons, but was expelled thence in a few days after, for writing several seditious and scandalous libels, as he had been indeed forewarned by the author of a periodical paper, called The Examiner. Presently after his expulsion, he published proposals for writing the History of the Duke of Marlborough. At the same time he also wrote The Spinster; and set up a paper, called The Reader. He also continued publishing several other things in the same spirit, until the death of the Queen. Immediately after which, as a reward for these services, he was taken into favour by her successor to the throne, King George I. and appointed Surveyor to the royal Stables of Hampton-Court, and put into the commission of the peace in the county of Middlesex; and, having procured a licence for chief manager of the royal company of comedians, he easily obtained it to be changed the same year, 1714, into a patent from his Majesty, appointing him Governor of the said Company during his

life; and to his executors, administrators, or assigns, for the space of three years afterwards. He was also chosen one of the representatives for Boroughbridge, in Yorkshire, in the first parliament of that King, who conferred the honour of Knighthood upon him, April 28, 1715, and, in August following, he received five hundred pounds from Sir Robert Walpole, for special services. Thus highly encouraged, he triumphed over his opponents in several pamphlets wrote in this and the following year. In 1717, he was appointed one of the commissioners for inquiring into the estates forfeited by the late rebellion in Scotland. This carried him into that part of the united kingdom, where, how unwelcome a guest soever he might be to the generality, yet he received from several of the nobility and gentry the most distinguishing marks of respect. In 1718 he buried his second wife, who had brought him a handsome fortune, and a good estate in Wales; but neither that, nor the ample additions lately made to his income, were sufficient to answer his demands. The thoughtless vivacity of his spirit often reduced him to little shifts of wit for its support; and the project of the Fish-pool this year owed its birth chiefly to the projector's necessities. The following year he opposed the remarkable Peerage Bill in the House of Commons, and, during the course of this opposition to the court, his licence for acting plays was revoked, and his patent rendered ineffectual, at the instance of the Lord Chamberlain. He did his utmost to prevent so great a loss, and, finding every direct avenue of approach to his royal master effectually barred against him by his powerful adversary, he had recourse to the method of applying to the public, in hopes that his complaints would reach the ear of his Sovereign, though in an indirect course, by that canal. In this spirit he formed the plan of a periodical paper, to be published twice a week, under the title of The Theatre; the first number of which came out on the 2d of January, 1719-20. In the mean time, the misfortune of being out of favour at court, like other misfortunes, drew after it a train of more. During the course of this paper, in which he had assumed the feigned name of Sir John Edgar, he was outrageously attacked by Mr. Dennis, the noted critic, in a very abusive pamphlet, entitled, The Character and Conduct of Sir John Edgar. To this insult our author made a proper reply in The Theatre.

While he was struggling, with all his might, to save himself from ruin, he found time to turn his pen against the mischievous South-Sea scheme, which had nearly brought the nation to ruin, in 1720. And the next year he was restored to his office and authority in the play-house, in Drury-lane. Of this it was not long before he made an additional advantage, by bringing his celebrated comedy, called The Conscious Lovers, upon that stage, where it was acted with prodigious success; so that the receipt there must have been very considerable, besides the profits accruing by the sale of the copy, and a purse of five hundred pounds given to him by the King, to whom he dedicated it. Yet, notwithstanding these ample recruits, about the year following, being reduced to the utmost extremity, he sold his share in the play-house, and soon after commenced a law-suit with the managers, which, in 1726, was determined to his disadvantage. During these misfortunes of Sir Richard, there was once an execution in his house. Being, however, under the necessity of receiving company a few days aftewards, he prevailed on the bailiffs to put on liveries, and pass for his servants. The farce succeeded but for a short time; for the Knight enforcing his orders to one of them in a manner which this vermin of the law thought too authoritative, the insolent rascal threw off the mask, and discovered his real occupation. Soon after, Sir Richard retired to a small house on Haverstock-hill, in the road to Hampstead. Part of this building remains, and is now a cottage. Here Mr. Pope and other members of the Kit-cat club (which during summer was held at the Upper Flask, on Hampstead Heath) used to call on him, and take him in their carriages to the place of rendezvons. Having now, therefore, for the last time, brought his fortune, by the most heedless profusion, into a desperate condition, he was rendered altogether incapable of retrieving the loss, by being seized with a paralytic disorder, which greatly impaired his understanding. In these unhappy circumstances he retired to his seat at Langunnor, near Caermarthen, in Wales; where he paid the last debt to nature, on the 21st of September, 1729, and was privately interred, according to his own desire, in the church of Caermarthen.

Of three children which Sir Richard had by his second wife, Elizabeth, being the only one then living, was married young, in 1731, to the Honourable John Trevor,

then one of the Welch judges, afterwards baron Trevor, of Bromham. Sir Richard was a man of undissembled and extensive benevolence, a friend to the friendless, and, as far as his circumstances would permit, the father of every orphan. His works are chaste and manly. He was a stranger to the most distant appearance of envy or malevolence, never jealous of any man's growing reputation, and so far from arrogating any praise to himself from his conjunction with Mr. Addison, that he was the first who desired him to distinguish his papers. His greatest error was want of economy. However, he was certainly the most agreeable, and (if we may be allowed the expression) the most innocent rake, that ever trod the rounds of indulgence.

JOHN DRYDEN

Was the son of Erasmus Dryden, Esq. of Tichmarsh, and grandson of Sir Erasmus Dryden, of Canonsbury, both in Northamptonshire, and was born August 9, 1631, at Aldwincle, near Oundle, in the said county.

He received the rudiments of his grammar learning at Westminster school, under the learned Dr. Busby, and from thence was removed to Cambridge, where he was entered a pensioner, and matriculated the 6th of July, 1650. He took his degree of Batchelor of Arts in 1653, and was elected Scholar of Trinity College, of which he appears, by his Latin verses in the *Epithalamia Cantabrigiensia*, 4to. 1662, to have been afterwards a Fellow. Yet, in his earlier days, he gave no very extraordinary indications of genius, for, even the year before he quitted the university, he wrote a Poem on the death of Lord Hastings, which was by no means a presage of that amazing perfection in poetical powers which he afterwards possessed. His first play, viz. *The Wild Gallant*, did not appear till he was about thirty-one years of age, and then met with such indifferent success, that had not necessity afterwards compelled him to pursue the arduous task, the English stage had perhaps never been favoured with some of its brightest ornaments.

But to proceed more regularly. On the death of Oliver Cromwell he wrote some heroic stanzas to his memory; but on the Restoration, being desirous of

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ingratiating himself with the new court, he produced, first, a Poem entitled *Astræa redux*, and afterwards a panegyric to the King on his coronation. In 1662, he addressed a Poem to the Lord Chancellor Hyde, presented on New-Year's Day; and in the same year a Satire on the Dutch. In 1668 appeared his *Annus Mirabilis*, which was an historical Poem, in celebration of the Duke of York's victory over the Dutch. These pieces at length obtained him the favour of the crown; and Sir William D'Avenant dying the same year, Mr. Dryden was appointed to succeed him as Poet Laureat. About the same time he engaged himself by contract to write four Plays in each year, which, notwithstanding the assertions of some writers, he never executed.

Soon after the accession of King James II. he changed his religion for that of the church of Rome, and wrote two pieces in vindication of the Romish tenets, viz. *A Defence of the Papers* written by the late King, of blessed memory, found in his strong box; and the celebrated Poem, afterwards answered by Lord Halifax and Prior, entitled *The Hind and the Panther*. By this extraordinary step he not only engaged himself in controversy, and incurred much censure and ridicule from his contemporary wits, but on the completion of the revolution, being, on account of his newly-chosen religion, disqualified from bearing any office under the government, he was stripped of the laurel, which, to his still greater mortification, was bestowed on Shadwell, a man to whom he had a most settled aversion. This circumstance occasioned his writing the very severe Poem, called *Mac Flecknoe*.

Mr. Dryden's circumstances had never been affluent; but now, being deprived of this little support, he found himself reduced to the necessity of writing for mere bread. We consequently find him from this period engaged in performances of labour as well as genius, viz. in translating works of others; and to this necessity perhaps our nation stands indebted for some of the best translations extant. In the year he lost the laurel, he published the life of St. Francis Xavier, from the French. In 1693, came out a translation of *Juvenal* and *Persius*, in the first of which he had a considerable hand, and of the latter the entire execution. In 1595 was published his prose version of Fresnoy's *Art of Painting*; and the year 1697 gave the world that translation of Virgil's

Works entire, which still does, and perhaps ever will, stand foremost among the attempts made on that author. The *petite pieces* of this eminent writer, such as Prologues, Epilogues, Epitaphs, Elegies, Songs, &c. are too numerous to be specified here. They have been collected into volumes, and are now incorporated in his works among the English Poets. His *Fables*, the last work he published, consist of many of the most interesting stories in Homer, Ovid, Boccace, and Chaucer, translated or modernized in the most elegant and poetical manner, together with some original pieces, among which is the Ode on St. Cecilia's Day.

Dryden married the Lady Elizabeth Howard, sister to the Earl of Berkshire, who survived him eight years, though for the last four of them she was a lunatic, having been deprived of her senses by a nervous fever. By this lady he had three sons, who all survived him. Their names were Charles, John, and Henry.

Dryden departed this life on the first of May, 1701, and was interred in Westminster-Abbey. On the 19th of April he had been very bad with the gout and erisipelas in one leg; but he was then somewhat recovered, and designed to go abroad; on the Friday following he eat a partridge for his supper, and going to take a turn in the little garden behind his house in Gerard-street, he was seized with a violent pain under the ball of the great toe of his right foot; unable to stand, he cried out for help, and was carried in by his servants, when, upon sending for surgeons, they found a small black spot in the place affected; he submitted to their present applications, and when gone called his son Charles to him, using these words: "I know this black spot is a mortification: I know also that it will seize my head, and that they will attempt to cut off my leg; but I command you, my son, by your filial duty, that you do not suffer me to be dismembered:" as he foretold, the event proved; and his son was too dutiful to disobey his father's commands.

On the Wednesday morning following he breathed his last, under the most excruciating pains, in the 69th year of his age.

WILLIAM WYCHERLY.

This eminent comic poet, who was born about the year 1640, was the eldest son of Daniel Wycherly, of Cleve,

Sir P. Lely pinx.t *Meyer sculp.t*

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in Shropshire, Esq. When he was about fifteen years of age, he was sent to France, where he became a Roman Catholic; but on his return to England, and being entered a Gentleman-Commoner of Queen's College in Oxford, he was reconciled to the Protestant religion. He afterwards entered himself in the Middle Temple; but, making his first appearance in town in the loose reign of Charles II. when wit and gaiety were the favourite distinctions, he soon quitted the dry study of the law, and pursued things more agreeable to his own genius, as well as to the taste of the age. As nothing was likely to take better than dramatic performances, especially comedies, he applied himself to this species of writing. On the appearance of his first play, he became acquainted with several of the first-rate wits, and likewise with the Duchess of Cleveland, with whom, according to the secret history of those times, he was admitted to the last degree of intimacy. Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, had also the highest esteem for him, and, as Master of the Horse to the King, made him one of his Equerries; as Colonel of a regiment, Captain-Lieutenant of his own company, resigning to him at the same time his own pay as Captain, with many other advantages. King Charles likewise shewed him signal marks of favour; and once gave him a proof of his esteem, which perhaps never any Sovereign Prince before had given to a private gentleman. Mr. Wycherly being ill of a fever at his lodgings in Bow-street, the King did him the honour of a visit. Finding him extremely weakened, and his spirits miserably shattered, he commanded him to take a journey to the south of France, believing that the air of Montpelier would contribute to restore him, and assured him, at the same time, that he would order him 500*l.* to defray the charges of the journey. Mr. Wycherly accordingly went into France, and, having spent the winter there, returned to England, entirely restored to his former vigour. The King, shortly after his arrival, told him that he had a son, who he was resolved should be educated like the son of a King, and that he could not choose a more proper man for his governor than Mr. Wycherly; for which service 1500*l.* *per annum* should be settled upon him.

Mr. Wycherly, however, such is the uncertain state of all human affairs, lost the favour of the King by the following means:—Immediately after he had received the gracious offer above mentioned, he went down to Tun-

bridge, where, walking one day upon the Wells'-walk, with his friend, Mr. Fairbeard, of Gray's Inn, just as he came up to the bookseller's shop, the Countess of Drogheda, a young widow, rich, noble, and beautiful, came there to inquire for the *The Plain Dealer*. "Madam," said Mr. Fairbeard, "since you are for the "*Plain Dealer*, there he is for you;" pushing Mr. "Wycherly towards her. "Yes," said Mr. Wycherly, "this lady can bear plain dealing; for she appears to be "so accomplished, that what would be a compliment to "others. would be plain dealing to her." "No, truly, "Sir," said the Countess, "I am not without my faults, "any more than the rest of my sex; and yet, notwith-"standing, I love plain dealing, and am never more fond "of it than when it tells me of them." "Then madam," says Mr. Fairbeard, "you and *the Plain Dealer* seem "designed by Heaven for each other." In short, Mr. Wycherly walked a turn or two with the Countess, waited upon her home, visited her daily at her lodgings while she staid at Tunbridge, and at her lodgings in Hatton-garden after she went to London; where in a little time he married her, without acquainting the King. But this match, so promising in appearance to his fortunes and happiness, was the actual ruin of both. As soon as the news came of it to court, it was looked upon as a contempt of his Majesty's orders; and Mr. Wycherly's conduct after his marriage occasioned this to be resented still more heinously; for he seldom or never went near the court. The true cause of his absence, however, was not known. In short, the lady was jealous of him to that degree, that she could not endure him to be one moment out of her sight. Their lodgings were in Bow-street, Covent-garden, over against the Cock; whither, if he at any time went with his friends, he was obliged to leave the windows open, that his lady might see there was no woman in company. Nevertheless, she made him some amends by dying in a reasonable time. She settled her fortune on him: but his title being disputed after her death, the expenses of the law, and other incumbrances. so far reduced him, that, not being able to satisfy the importunity of his creditors, he was flung into prison, where he languished several years; nor was he released, until King James II. going to see his *Plain Dealer*. was so charmed with the entertainment, that he gave immediate orders for the payment

Engraved by Evans, from an Original Painting.

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of his debts; adding withal a pension of 200*l.* *per annum* while he continued in England. But the bountiful intentions of that Prince had not all the designed effect, for Wycherly was ashamed to give the Earl of Mulgrave, whom the King had sent to demand it, a full account of his debts. He laboured under these difficulties until his father died; and then too the estate that descended to him was left under very uneasy limitations, since, being only a tenant for life, he could not raise money for the payment of his debts. However, he took a method of doing it which few suspected to be his choice; and this was, making a jointure. He had often declared that he was resolved to *die* married, though he could not bear the thoughts of *living* in that state again: accordingly, just at the eve of his death, he married a young gentlewoman with 1500*l.* fortune, part of which he applied to the uses he wanted it for. Eleven days after the celebration of these nuptials, on the 1st of January, 1715, he died, and was interred in the vault of Covent-garden church.

BARTON BOOTH,

WITH a very classical and highly improved judgment, possessed all the natural powers of an actor in a very eminent degree. "He was of a middle stature, five feet eight; his form rather inclining to the athletic, though nothing clumsy or heavy; his air and deportment naturally graceful, with a marking eye, and a manly sweetness in his countenance.

"His voice was completely harmonious, from the softness of the flute to the extent of the trumpet: his attitudes were all picturesque: he was noble in his designs, and happy in his execution *."

To this testimony Aaron Hill (a writer of great theatrical knowledge) adds, "It was this actor's peculiar felicity to be heard and seen the same, whether as the *pleased*, the *grieved*, the *pitying*, the *reproachful*, or the *angry*. One would be almost tempted to borrow the aid of a very bold figure, and, to express this excellence the more significantly, beg permission to affirm, that the *blind* might have seen him in his *voice*, and the *deaf* have heard him in his *visage*.

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* Victor's History of the Theatre

Though Booth, from the possession of these qualifications, must by attending to them, have necessarily reached the top of his profession, it was not till the production of Cato that he gained his eminence; and as the manner by which he obtained this part shews ingenuity and address on his side, as well as judgment on the side of the managers, we shall here relate it.

When Mr. Addison carried this admirable tragedy to the green-room, he, of course, as the author, read it first to the players: but being a man of uncommon bashfulness and diffidence, after this he desired Cibber would supply his place, who read it so much to the satisfaction of the author, that he requested him to perform the part of *Cato.*

Cibber, though otherwise a vain man, knew his own *forte* too well to risk his reputation in a character so much out of his way; he therefore preferred the part of *Syphax,* whilst Wilks took that of *Juba. Cato,* however, still remained undisposed of, till they both agreed that Booth would be the most likely representative, from figure, voice, and judgment, of this virtuous Roman: but Wilks, fearing that Booth would think himself injured in being cast for so venerable a character, (he being then a young man,) had the good nature to carry the part to his lodgings himself; to inform him of its importance; and to persuade him, if necessary, to accept it. Booth, who told this anecdote to Victor, said, "that he sunk the importance of the character, and seemed to accept it entirely at the manager's desire; which condescending behaviour, with his performance of the part so much to the delight and admiration of the audience, gave both Wilks and Cibber the greatest pleasure." However, when the consequences began soon after to appear, viz. a reputation and interest to obtain a special licence from the Queen to be included as fourth manager of the theatre, this pleasure was converted into remorse and disappointment, and ended with one of the managers (Dogget) retiring in disgust from the stage for ever.

The parts which Booth principally distinguished himself in, beside Cato, were Pyrrhus, Othello, Brutus, Lear, Marc Antony, Aurengzebe, Jaffier, the Ghost in Hamlet, &c.

A Pond pinx.

Freeman sculp

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MRS. WOFFINGTON.

THE origin of Miss Woffington, as is well known, was very humble. Her mother, on the death of her father, kept a small grocer's shop (commonly called in Ireland a huckster's shop) upon Ormond-quay; and under this inauspicious circumstance did a woman, who afterwards delighted nations, and attracted the highest private regards, begin her career in life. What first gave rise to the accomplishment of so great a change, the following circumstance will explain.

There was a Frenchwoman, of the name of Madame Violante, who took up an occasional residence in Dublin about the year 1728. This woman was celebrated for exhibiting great feats of grace and agility on the tight rope, &c. &c.; and, as she supported a good private character, her exhibitions were much resorted to at that time by people of the best fashion. Violante varied her amusements to the floating caprices of taste; and, as "The Beggar's Opera" was then the rage all over the three kingdoms, she undertook to get up a representation of this celebrated piece with a company of children, or, as they were called in the bills of that day, "Lilliputian Actors." Woffington, who was then only in the tenth year of her age, she fixed upon as her *Macheath;* and such was the power of her infant talents, not a little perhaps aided by the partialities in favour of the opera, that the Lilliputian Theatre was crowded every night, and the spirit and address of the little hero the theme of every theatrical conversation.

Here was not only an early and accidental decision of her genius for the stage, but for her future excellence in *breeches parts;* as, had not the character of Macheath been assigned her, it is more than probable, she would have gone on in the usual line of acting, without ever being celebrated as the best male rake of her day.

A commencement so favourable got her an engagement a few years afterwards at Smock-alley Theatre, Dublin, where she soon fulfilled every expectation that was formed of her: and so little did her humble birth, and early education, bow down her mind to her situation, that her talents were found evidently to lie in the representation of females of high rank and dignified deportment. Her person was suitable to such an exhibition, being of size above the middle stature, elegantly formed, and, though not an absolute beauty, had a face full of ex-

pression and vivacity. She was, beside, highly accomplished for the stage, being a perfect mistress of dancing, and of the French language; both of which she acquired under the tuition of Madame Violante.

Her reputation on the Irish stage drew an offer from Mr. Rich, the manager of Covent-garden Theatre, for an engagement at a very handsome salary, which Miss Woffington accepted, and in the the winter of 1740, (when our heroine was exactly twenty-two years of age,) she made her first appearance on the London stage in the character of Sylvia, in "The Recruiting Officer;" and in the same month she performed Sir Harry Wildair. The publication of this part to be undertaken by a *woman* excited the curiosity of the public, and more particularly as the character had for the most part lain dormant since the death of Wilks, (seven years before that time,) who was universally esteemed the first Sir Harry on the stage. However this curiosity was fully satisfied in favour of Miss Woffington, it was admitted by the best critics that she represented this gay, good-humoured, dissipated, rake of fashion, with an ease, elegance, and deportment, which seemed almost out of the reach of female accomplishments; and her fame flew about the town with such rapidity, that the comedy had a run, and proved a considerable addition to the treasury for many seasons afterwards.

Miss Woffington, however great her reputation in this part, did not rest it wholly in Sir Harry. In characters of easy high-bred deportment, such as Millimant, Lady Townly, Lady Betty Modish, &c. she possessed a first-rate merit. She likewise excelled in many of the humourous parts of comedy; such as Lady Pliant, in Congreve's "Double Dealer;" Mrs. Day, in "The Committee;" and others; not in the least scrupling, on these occasions, to convert the natural beauty of her face to the wrinkles of old age, and put on the tawdry habiliments and vulgar manners of the old hypocritical city vixen.

In 1751, Mrs. Woffington quitted the London Theatres for a very profitable engagement under Mr. Thomas Sheridan, who was at that time Manager of Smock-alley House. It was at this æra that Woffington might have been said to have reached the *acme* of her fame: she was then in the bloom of her person, accomplishments, and profession; highly distinguished for her wit and vivacity; with a charm of conversation that at once

attracted the admiration of the men, and the envy of the women.

How she was considered as an actress may be estimated from the following theatrical record, where Victor tells us, that, although her article with the Manager was but for *four hundred pounds*, yet by four of her characters, performed ten nights each that season, viz. Lady Townly, Maria, in the Nonjuror, Sir Harry Wildair, and Hermione, she brought *four thousand pounds;* an instance, he adds, never known in any theatre from four old stock plays, and in two of which the Manager bore no part.

The next year Sheridan liberally enlarged her salary to *eight hundred pounds;* and though it was to be imagined that her force to draw audiences must be weakened, yet the profits, at closing the Theatre, did not fall short of more than three hundred pounds of the first season.

Her company *off* was equally sought for as *on* the stage; and though she did not much admire the frivolity of her own sex, and consequently did not mix much with them, she was the delight of some of the gravest and most scientific characters in Church and State. She was well known to be at the head of the Beef-Steak Club (a club held every Saturday at the Manager's expense, and principally composed of Lords and Members of Parliament,) for many years, where no woman was admitted but herself: and where wit and spirit, in taking their most excursive flights, never once broke through the laws of decorum.

This celebrated club, however, which made so great a noise at that time in the the theatrical world, and at which Mrs. Woffington gave and received such infinite satisfaction, after a few years *dwindled* into what was called "Party Meeting," where *Opposition* thought the *Court* was too predominant; and, in consequence of this opinion, wreaked their vengeance, in the end, on the unoffending Manager. Mrs. Woffington saw these troubles brewing, and actually afloat, whilst she remained in Dublin; she therefore thought proper to relinquish this scene of warfare once more for the regions of London, and in the winter of 1756 returned to her old quarters under Rich, the Manager of Covent-garden Theatre.

Though Mrs. Woffington was now only in her *thirty-eighth* year (a time of life, generally speaking, which may be called *meridional* in point of constitution and professional talents), her health began visibly to decline:

she, however, pursued her public profession till the year before her death, when her disorder increasing, she retired from the stage in 1759, and died on the 28th of March, 1760.

Her death was considered at that time as a general loss to the stage; and Mr. Hoole, (the ingenious Translator of Ariosto, &c.) who knew her perfectly well, has in the following lines (which we have extracted from his Monody to her Memory) drawn her public and private character so faithfully, that we cannot better conclude this sketch, than by giving them a repetition in this place.

Blest in each art, by Nature form'd to please,
With beauty, sense, with elegance and ease,
Whose piercing genius study'd all mankind,
All Shakspeare opening to thy vigorous mind;
In every scene of comic humour known,
In sprightly sallies, wit was all thy own:
Whether you seem'd the Cit's more humble wife,
Or shone in Townly's higher sphere of life,
Alike thy spirit knew each turn of wit,
And gave new force to all the poet writ.
Nor was thy worth to public scenes confin'd,
Thou knew'st the noblest feelings of the mind;
Thy ears were ever open to distress,
Thy ready hand was ever stretch'd to bless;
Thy breast humane for each unhappy felt,
Thy heart for others' sorrows prone to melt.
In vain did Envy point her scorpion sting,
In vain did Malice shake her blasting wing,
Each gen'rous breast disdain'd th' unpleasing tale,
And cast o'er every fault Oblivion's veil.

WILKS, THE CELEBRATED ACTOR.

THOUGH we have no very favourable account of Wilks from Colley Cibber, who hated him personally, as well as Dogget, (though he had more prudence in concealing it during Wilks's life,) and though he always preferred Powel to him, "who," he says, "excelled him in voice and ear in Tragedy, as well as humour in Comedy;" yet he, on the whole, is obliged to allow him qualifications which leave him a very considerable actor; particularly in his Sir Harry Wildair, Essex, Mark Antony, Valentine, Plume, &c. &c. To these he adds his uncommon attention to be perfect in his parts, which he was so exact in, that "I question," says Cibber, "if, in forty years, he ever five times changed or misplaced an article in any one of them."

Of his determined perseverance in this exercise of

J. Elys pinxt.

Woodman Junr sc.t

Published by Mathews & Leigh, 1807.

memory, he adds the following curious instance: "In some new Comedy he happened to complain of a crabbed speech in his part, which he said gave him more trouble to study than all the rest; upon which he applied to the author, either to soften or shorten it. The author, that he might make matters perfectly easy to him, fairly cut it all out: but when Wilks got home from the rehearsal, he thought it such an indignity to his memory that any thing should be too hard for it, that he actually made himself perfect in that speech, though he knew it was never to be made use of."

Wilks's general merits as an actor may be divided into the gay and fashionable characters of Comedy, and the animated and pathetic scenes of Tragedy. As a lover, no person, since the death of Mountford, who was his predeces-or, could reach him; nor was he, perhaps, ever equalled, till the laurel descended upon Barry; and Davies, who had seen him act, speaks highly of his Edgar, Macduff, Mark Antony, Prince of Wales, &c.

Of Mark Antony, he says, "As soon as Wilks entered on the stage, without taking any notice of the conspirators, he walked quickly up to the dead body of Cæsar, and knelt down: he then paused for some time before he spoke, and, after surveying the corpse with manifest tokens of the deepest sorrow, he addressed it in a most affecting and pathetic manner."

Of his Prince of Wales he speaks in still higher terms. "The Prince, by Wilks," says he, "was one of the most perfect exhibitions of the Theatre, who, with great skill and nature, threw aside the libertine gaiety of Hal when he assumed the princely deportment of Henry. At the Boar's-head he was lively and frolicksome: in the reconciliation with his father, his penitence was gracefully becoming, and his resolution of amendment manly and affecting.

"In his challenge of Hotspur, his defiance was equally gallant and modest: in his combat with that nobleman, his fire was tempered with moderation; and his reflections on the death of the great rebel generous and pathetic. The Hotspur of Booth, though a noble portrait of courage, humour, and gallantry, was not superior to the Prince of Wales by Wilks."

Macklin used to praise him in three parts, which, perhaps, were the only characters he might have seen him in: and these were, his Mark Antony, Captain Plume,

and Lord Townly. He spoke highly of the first, but with the most unqualified applause of the two last, which were perfect models of ease and good breeding. To these testimonies we shall add that of an Irish Barrister, of great eminence, who died about thirty years ago, and who was always considered not more eminent in the walks of his profession than in those of dramatic criticism. From him we have been informed, "that whatever Wilks did upon the stage, let it be ever so trifling, whether it consisted in putting on his gloves or taking out his watch, lolling on his cane or taking snuff, every movement was marked with such an ease of breeding and manner, every thing told so strongly the involuntary motion of a gentleman, that it was impossible to consider the character he represented in any other light than that of a reality."

"But what was still more surprising," said the Gentleman, in relating this anecdote, "that the person who could thus delight an audience, from the gaiety and sprightliness of his manner, I met the next day in the street hobbling to a hackney-coach, seemingly so enfeebled by age and infirmities, that I could scarcely believe him to be the same man." Such is the power of illusion, when a great genius feels the importance of character*!"

With Wilks's general talents for tragedy, there were some parts that he was unequal to; and in particular the Ghost in Hamlet. One day, at rehearsal, Booth took the liberty to jest with him upon it. "Why, Bob," says he, "I thought last night you wanted to play at fisty-cuffs with me, (Booth played Hamlet to his Ghost,) you bullied me so, who, by the bye, you ought to have revered. I remember, when I acted the Ghost with Betterton, instead of my awing him, he terrified me—but there was a divinity hung round that man!"

To this rebuke, Wilks, feeling its propriety, modestly replied, "Mr. Betterton and Mr. Booth could always act as they pleased; but, for my part, I must do as well as I can."

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* The above event took place in the year 1729, two years before the death of Wilks, who, as Cibber tells us, "was much more enfeebled by the constant irritations of his temper than he was by his declining years."

POETRY.

THE TRANSMUTATION;
OR,
THE GIFT OF GENIUS. A VISION.

As lately, on the mountain's side,
I lay in holy trance;
Ethereal spirits I espied
Upon the moonbeams dance.

Pass'd me flow'd a murmuring stream,
'Neath the boughs of willows weeping;
Zephyr courted Luna's beam,
While his gloomy sire was sleeping.

Then I heard a clap of thunder
Break the elements among;
From my lyre escap'd a number,
Such as ne'er adorn'd my song.

O'er my head I view'd a Spirit,
All his features were sublime;
"Know (he said) thou shalt inherit,
"Power amid these orbs to climb."

In his hands a torch he bore,
Swift he flew on wings of fire;
Thrice he bade the tempest roar,
Thrice he struck my fault'ring lyre!

In the shudd'ring spangled skies,
Wild he wav'd the torch afar,
Thrice he bade the whirlwinds rise,
Thrice he smote the polar star!

Then, with an electric shock,
Quick the awful scene he chang'd;
Cynthia now illumin'd a rock,
Where th'ethereal Spirits rang'd.

"Rise! (he said) Menander rise!
"Thou hast felt my sov'reign power;
"Mount with me the lofty skies,
"That beyond the comets tower."

Raptur'd with the nervous strain,
From the mountain's side I darted;
Swept my polish'd lyre again,
And from worldly cares departed.

While among the stars I wander'd,
Sounds symphonious touch'd mine ears;
Round me comets fierce meander'd,
Fix'd to no peculiar spheres.

Here my heavenly Mentor left me,
Dark'ning all the concave bright;
Of his powerful aid bereft me,
And destroy'd my wonted sight.

Through the wasteful glooms I fell,
Through the londly-roaring ocean,
'Till I reach'd the gulph of hell,
Where I heard a wild commotion!

'Long the dun sulphureous regions,
Far my wailings deep resounded;
Satan, with his frantic legions,
At the noise recoil'd astounded!

Serpents now about me twin'd,
Flaky fires sear'd all my skin;
Volumes huge of noxious wind,
Fann'd the burning flames within!

Struggling from the boiling billows,
Sleep dissolv'd his genial spell;
I woke, and, 'neath the weeping willows,
View'd a *newly chorded shell!?*

T. C. R. Nov. 1808. MENANDER.

QUATORZAIN.

Whilst not a sound distur'bs the midnight air,
And Cynthia flings her solitary gleams
Within yon dell, where slumbers wan Despair,
Who 'guiles the sad hours with fantastic dreams —

Alone thro' woods unvisited I'll stray,
And wake the listless numbers of my lyre;
Where Memory's eyes the tribute due shall pay,
To her who lives with the Eternal Sire!
On Marianna's tomb, which I so oft have prest,
I'll lay my head, and to the moon complain;
Who, kindly list'ning to my lorn request,
Shall stop my hand, and soothe my fev'rish brain:
But tho' I sleep, the faithful chords shall tell,
Swept by the gale, of her I lov'd so well!

Grafton-street, Nov. 1808. J. G.

DOUBTFUL INTERROGATIONS RESOLVED.

INSCRIBED TO MISS SARAH MORGAN, OF YATTON-COURT.

Should my heart be depress'd by the demon of grief,
And the charms of the world a dark chaos appear;
Should my friends become shy, and withhold their relief,
Say, where can I find a protector sincere?

Say, where can I find one to mitigate woe,
To drown my complainings—to shield me from death?
Alas! there is none that's inclin'd to bestow,
To the pangs of misfortune, the comforting breath!

The delight of my life,—the promoter of bliss—
No longer my torments of mind can appease!
No more the sweet essence of * Marianne's kiss
Can sooth Melancholy's corroding disease!

Soft!—still there is *Sarah!* whose love-beaming eye,
Flings the sunshine of peace to enliven my heart;
Whose nectarous kisses with Marianne's vie,
And the softest emotions of pity impart.

Then come all ye terrors of "grim-visag'd" Spleen!
Ye black leering horrors! ye spirits forlorn!
Ye gaunt pallid spectres of features obscene,
Of Hecat's in hell's foulest labyrinth born!

No more will I shrink at your tauntings at night,
Or heed your endeavours to tear me in twain;
The smile of my lover shall baffle your spite,
And prove all your arts to oppress me are vain!

Miss Marianne Bl . . . ks . . . w.

Then in thee my dear girl! most distinctly I trace,
A protector—a friend 'midst the deepest of woe;
A *lover*, the smiles of whose elegant face,
To the keenest misfortune relief can bestow!

August 29, 1808. HORATIO.

SONNET TO THE MOON.

Mild orb! that shinest so serenely fair,
Thee do I court at evening's lonely hour;
When Silence awes the meditative air,
Enthron'd aloft on some stupendous tow'r.

On thy dark turrets, hideous to the eye,
Wigmore! * alone at solemn tide I've been,
Intently musing on the spangled sky,
Or, visions sporting on the distant green.

For what can equal that enchanting time,
When Fancy plumes her variegated wing;
When wrapt in dreams, the Poet looks sublime,
On those vast regions of th'eternal King;
Or, thro' the awful solitude of night,
He onward urges his impetuous flight?

TO HORATIUS.

When mild Aurora gilds my attic sphere,
O'erwhelm'd in thought I turn from side to side
On my lone couch, and oft the conscious tear,
Bids Wisdom's strongest energies subside.
In vain for me she decks the laughing sky
With sweetest flow'rs and hues of every sort;
Me Recollection fondly prompts to sigh,
For *her* † I left at Yatton's rural court!
Nor won'd I pray indulgent heaven to steel
This doting heart against that Power supreme;
For what am I, unless inform'd to feel
A sense of virtuous sorrow and esteem?
A dark, disgusting creature of mankind,
Of *human* form, but, of *barbarian* mind!

September, 1808. J. G.

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* Wigmore Castle,—a Ruin. † Miss Sarah Morgan.

THE LONDON THEATRES.

DRURY-LANE.

OCTOBER

27. Travellers. Koyan, Mr. BRAHAM (his 1st appearance this season)—Three and the Deuce.

29. World.—Blue Beard.

31. John Bull. Dan (for that night only), Mr. De Camp.—Blue Beard.

NOVEMBER

1. Cabinet. Count Curvoso, Mr. Penley.—Three Weeks after Marriage.

2. She Stoops to Conquer. Young Marlow, Mr. De Camp.—Blue Beard.

3. Country Girl.—Ib.

5. Stranger.—Ib.

7. Soldier's Daughter.—Ib.

8. Haunted Tower. Edward, Mr. Russell; Lady Elinor (1st time), Miss Lyon; Adela (1st time), Mrs. Mountain.—Mayor of Garrat.

9. No performance, on account of the preparations for the new play of The Siege of St. Quintin.

10. [NEVER ACTED.] THE SIEGE OF ST. QUINTIN; or, *Spanish Heroism*. The Overture and Music composed and selected by Mr. Hook. *Spaniards.* Emanuel Philip (Duke of Savoy), Mr. Putnam; Count Egmont (second in command), Mr. Elliston; Theodore (his son), Master Wallack; Everard (the military Minstrel), Mr. Braham; Bertrand, Mr. De Camp; Alvarez, Mr. Ray.—Adriana (wife of Egmont), Mrs. H Siddons.—*English.* Sir Leinster Kildare, Mr. Johnstone; Captain M'Intyre, Mr. Maddocks; Jack, Mr. Penley; Serjeant Sturdy, Mr. Cooke; Soldiers, Mr. Gibbon and Mr. Dignum.—*French.* De Courcy (governor of the castle), Mr. Raymond; Laroche, Mr. Smith; Rosa de Valmont, Miss Ray; Margaret, Miss Tidswell—Spoil'd Child. Little Pickle (1st time), Miss Kelly.

11. Ib—Sultan.

12. Ib.—Three and the Deuce.

14. Ib.—Ways and Means.

15. Ib.—Devil to Pay.

16. Ib—Deserter.

17. Ib.—Three and the Deuce.

18. Ib.—Matrimony.

19. Ib.—Of Age To-Morrow. Sophia, and Maria (1st time), Mrs. Mathews, and Mrs. Mountain.

21. John Bull. Sir Simon Rochdale, Mr. Penley; Dan, Mr. Mathews—Blue Beard.

22. Duenna—Mayor of Garrat.

The Siege of St. Quintin, of which the following is the plot, was written, hastily of course, to benefit, and be benefited by, the cause in which the Spanish nation is at present so gloriously engaged. We do not think that the object has been successfully attained. The Spaniards have, it is true, in this siege, the advantage over the French, but it is by a paltry stratagem, viz. by getting possession of the pass-word, and so finding their way into the

castle; it is true, also, the English are their allies; but here rests all the application which can be made to the passing events in Spain. The incidents are those of a common romance, which eternal repetition has rendered perfectly stale, a warrior's wife confined in a besieged castle; the governor in love with her; her husband gaining access to her, in disguise; and, on being discovered, thrown into a dungeon; a few contrivances to effect his escape; followed by the destruction of the tyrant, and the usual *finale*. This play is the production of Mr. Theodore Hook, and, considering that it was written on the spur of the moment, it does him no small credit; but the materials are insufficient for a full drama, and being opposed by strong attraction at the rival house, it fell after a few nights struggle. It may still serve both the theatre and the author as an after-piece.

The plot of this piece is founded upon the battle of St. Quintin, in 1757, when the French, in attempting to raise the siege of that town, suffered a signal defeat by the Spanish and English forces, commanded by the Duke of Savoy, Count Egmont, and the Earl of Pembroke, and the surrender of St. Quintin was the immediate consequence. A little poetical license is taken with this great event, to adapt it to the present period. Count Egmont, anxious for the safety of his wife and child, who were treacherously betrayed by Bertrand, a vassal of his, into the hands of De Courcy, the commander of the fortress in the absence of the Governor, De Coligny, attempted in the disguise of a soldier to gain admittance into St Quintin. De Courcy, who was an unsuccessful lover of the lady, places her under the care of Bertrand, and Rosa de Valmont, a young orphan, who had taken refuge in the Castle during the war. Rosa accepts the offer, with a secret determination to counteract the designs of Bertrand, and to save the lady, for which purpose she assumes a repulsive exterior when under his observation; she makes her sentiments known to the Countess Adriana, and advises her to ask Bertrand for her son, which he, desirous to obtain her confidence by that kindness, complies with. The Governor enters, and informs her of the death of her husband, which he confirms by producing the Count in disguise, as having the last tokens of affection; by an unguarded expression, in the moment of joyful surprise, when the Count makes himself known secretly to his wife and son, the boy betrays him; he is immediately seized, and ordered to the deepest dungeon in the fortress; the Countess also is ordered to be confined by the Governor, to try the effect of severity upon her constancy, which ends the act.

In the commencement of the second act, the English detachment is discovered, headed by Sir Leinster Kildare, who discloses his passion for Rosa de Valmont, whom he had known, when pursuing his studies at St. Omer's; he dispatches his servant to make inquiries about her. The scene then changing to the dungeon of the Castle, the guards of De Courcy, with Bertrand, descend with Egmont, in an iron pannier, which is let down by chains; they then unlock a grating on the stage, lowering him down to a deeper cavern. The *Countess* and son are conducted down a small staircase by Rosa; she conceals the boy behind a pillar, and reascends; when Bertrand and the guards come through the grating, he locks it, leaving the key in.—While he is tampering with the feelings of the Countess, an ungovernable love for her being the cause of his vil-

lany, the boy unlocks the grating; alarmed by the noise, he takes a light to examine the recesses of the dungeon. The Countess and son immediately open the grating, and release the Count, who retires with his son behind the pillar, as Bertrand approaches. Bertrand, alarmed at their voices, goes for assistance to make a further search. Rosa then enters, and states the Governor's order for Egmont's death; she makes the Countess write to the Duke of Savoy, as if Bertrand was in her interest, which note the boy is to slip into Bertraud's pocket. The Count then again retires, and the Governor enters. Bertrand accuses Rosa of treachery, who retorts the charge, and induces the Governor, the boy having slipped the note into his pocket, to have him searched; it is found, and he is sent into confinement. De Courcy, to assure himself of Egmont's person, descends the grating with his guards, trusting to the proved fidelity of Rosa; the grating is immediately secured by the party, the husband and boy ascend by the pannier, which is raised or lowered by the sound of the horn, and Rosa conducts the Countess by the staircase; which concludes the second act.

The third act exhibits the interior of the fortress; sentinels guarding the bridge. The fugitives conceal themselves under an archway. As the guards pass the gate, to go the rounds, the boy, concealing himself behind the centinel, obtains the pass-word, and conveys it to his father. The party then come boldly forward, and give the word. The centinel opening the gate, the Count with his boy pass; when an alarm being sounded, the sentinel locks the gate before the ladies can pass. The Governor enters, having broken open the grating of the dungeon. Enraged at the escape of Egmont, he orders the Countess and Rosa into confinement.—The scene is then transferred to the Spanish camp. Egmont makes his appearance, and, having the pass-words, proposes to head a detachment in disguise, which is joined by Sir Leinster Kildare. Upon the scene changing again to the interior of the castle, Bertrand and Rosa are led out for execution. The Countess informs the Governor that Bertrand was innocent of the fraud, and he is pardoned. Struck with remorse at the interposition of one he had so deeply injured, he attempts to stab the Governor, but, being detected, is ordered out for torture. A signal being given at the gate, the sentinel at the bridge gives notice of a detachment arriving to succour the garrison. An attack being expected, the detachment, which is the disguised English, enter. They relieve the other guards, and being ordered by the Governor to shoot Rosa, they turn their arms upon him; he is secured. The remainder of the detachment make their appearance, the French are disarmed, and the town surrenders.

Mrs. MUDIE has repeated the character of Mrs. Haller. This lady speaks sensibly, and has sufficient knowledge of the stage; but her provincial tones and an extravagance of manner and action, left an impression on the audience far from favourable to her. Mrs Haller was injudiciously chosen for her *debut*.

KING'S THEATRE (COVENT-GARDEN COMPANY.)

OCTOBER

27. Gamester—Review.
28. Woodman—Forest of Hermanstadt.
31. Romeo and Juliet. Juliet, Miss Norton.—Ib.

NOVEMBER

1. Macbeth—Who Wins?
2. Merchant of Venice—Blind Boy.
3. Henry VIII.—Ib.
4. [For the Benefit of the families of those who unfortunately suffered by the late fire in Covent-Garden.] Mourning Bride—Forest of Hermanstadt.
7. Henry VIII.—Blind Boy.
8. Every Man in his Humour—Love-a-la-Mode.
9. Richard III.—Tom Thumb.
10. [NEVER ACTED.] THE EXILE. The Overture and music by Mr. Mazzinghi. The whole arranged under the direction of Mr. Farley. Count Ulrick, the Exile, Mr. Pope; Governor of Siberia, Mr. Munden; Baron Alltradoff, Mr. Liston; Count Cadmar, Mr. Incledon; The Patriarch, Mr. Cresswell; The Czarowitz, Master Goodwin; Daran, Mr. Young, (his 1st appearance on this stage;) Welzien, Mr. Jefferies; Rimski, Mr. Murray; Yermack, Mr. Chapman; Servitz, Mr. Fawcett. The Empress Elizabeth, Mrs St. Leger; Sedona, Mrs. Gibbs; Alexina, Mrs. H. Johnston; Catharine, Mrs. Dickons; Anna, Mrs. Liston; Villager, Mrs. Emery. In Act II. the Coronation of Queen Elizabeth. The Dances (composed by Mr. Bologna, jun.) by the Misses Adams, &c. The Scenery by Messrs. Phillips, Whitmore, Hollogan, and Grieve.—Jew and the Doctor. Abednego, Mr. Blanchard.
11. Ib.—Love-a-la-Mode.
12. Ib.—Portrait of Cervantes.
14. Ib.—Tom Thumb.
15. Ib.—Follies of a Day.
16. Ib.—Village Lawyer.
17. Ib.—Katharine and Petruchio. Katharine, Mrs. C. Kemble.
18. Ib.—Review.
21. Ib.—Birth-Day.
22. Ib.—Portrait of Cervantes.

The EXILE. This interesting opera is the production of Mr. Reynolds, and is certainly one of the most pleasing dramas which the modern stage has exhibited for some time. The chief incident is taken, as we observed last month, from the French novel of Madame Cotin, called The *Exile of Siberia*, and a second interest has been judiciously blended with it, to give more variety and fulness to the action. The character of *Daran* is very happily introduced, and presents several bold and striking situations. The language is of a higher order than has generally prevailed in Mr. Reynolds's serious dialogue, and the whole piece is put together in a most masterly manner. The comic business is slight, but it is sufficient to relieve the weightier scenes, and, with the assistance of some good comic songs and duets, affords ample room for the exertions of the comedians. Fawcett's songs are exceedingly happy. They have Mr. Colman's stamp upon them The *procession* to the coronation of the Empress Elizabeth is highly imposing for its grandeur, striking for the order in which it is arranged; and, for accuracy of *costume*, and taste in the decorations, surpassiug every thing we have seen of the kind. The ceremony of the *corona ion* is equally admirable. The whole has been prepared by Mr Farley, and is in the highest degree creditable to his direction. Mr. Young made his first appearance, as a member of the

Covent-garden Company, in *Daran*, and performed with no less spirit than address. He was of course welcomed in the manner due to his great merits Mrs. Dickons sung in capital style, and was enthusiastically applauded and encored. The following is a slight sketch of the plot.

Count Ulrick, a Nobleman of distinction, after acquiring great reputation in the Russian army, is nevertheless banished to Siberia, through the base influence of Prince Lowenstern over the Empress Catharine. He is followed by Sedona, his wife, and his daughter Alexina Romanoff, the nephew of the Governor of Tobolskow, frequently visiting the wretched family at their retreat in the neighbourhood, a mutual attachment takes place between him and Alexina; but his uncle suspecting it, in order to prevent his future visits, and to compel him to marry the niece of Prince Lowenstern, banishes him beyond the frontiers, and endeavours to force Alexina into a marriage with Welzein.

Romanoff assumes the name of Daran, goes to St. Petersburgh, and, in the disguise of an Indian, gets into the service of Baron Alltradorff, a nephew of Prince Lowenstern, a pert vain coxcomb, and in that capacity accompanies him to Tobolskow, to which place the Baron is going to claim the hand of Catharine, the Governor's niece, whose affections he in vain attempts to win by his skill in music and dancing, her heart being already devoted to Count Calmar, by whom she is beloved with equal ardour.

Romanoff, aware of the ruin preparing for Count Ulrick, to conceal his benevolent designs assumes a ferocious aspect, and expresses a deadly hate to the Exile and his family, by which means he completely blinds the Governor as to his intentions, and, jointly with Welzien, (the enraged and rejected suitor of Alexina,) is entrusted with the execution of the Empress's orders; in pursuance of which, Ulrick is dragged from his retreat, and imprisoned in Tobolskow, and they are sent in pursuit of Alexina, who has set out, accompanied by Yermack, a faithful domestic, on the desperate undertaking of travelling to St. Petersburgh, to solicit her father's pardon.

In this undertaking he completely frustrates the vindictive designs of Welzein, and Alexina reaches the neighbourhood of Moscow in safety. The rejoicings of the inhabitants of that city announce the grateful tidings of the accession of Elizabeth to the throne of Russia, and of her approaching coronation. Alexina hastens thither, rushes into the presence of her new Sovereign, and, notwithstanding the influence of the Patriarch (a near relation of Prince Lowenstern), she procures, through the means of the disguised Romanoff, the pardon she solicited, and immediately departs for Siberia, without waiting for the deed of pardon to be completed; by which means she is again subjected to all the bitterness of sorrow; and, in order to save herself and family from immediate destruction, is compelled to marry the supposed Daran.

The Governor at length receives the royal mandate from his Court for the liberation of Count Ulrick, and by it he becomes acquainted with the villany and disgrace of Prince Lowenstern, which reconciles him to the union of his daughter with Count Calmar, to whose protection she had fled, after escaping from her uncle's house, by the ingenuity of Servitz. Romanoff, not Daran,

claims Alexina for his bride, and the Exile is restored to his former honours.

COUNTRY THEATRES.

Theatre-Royal, DUBLIN.—This theatre opened on Monday, November 7, for the season, under the management of Mr Crampton, a gentleman well known in the polite circles of London and Dublin. The opening pieces were Mr. Lewis's play of "The Castle Spectre," and the farce of "Love Laughs at Locksmiths. Miss Smith was the Angela of the night. Mr. Huddart made his *debut*, after an absence of some years, in the part of Osmond; who, with Mr. Sloman, from the Windsor Theatre, who made his *debut* in the part of Solomon Lob, in the farce, were the only novelties. Mr. Williams is stage-manager. Mr. Crampton, it is said, will be assisted by all the amateurs of the Kilkenny theatricals. Mr. J. Atkinson will invoke his dramatic muse, and Anacreon Moore his poetic, on the occasion.

On Tuesday night were performed "The Way to get Married" and "The Devil to Pay." The novelties were Mr. Lewis, in Tangent, and Mrs. Kennedy, in Miss Allspice. The former is son of the celebrated comedian of that name, and the latter performed here about ten years since. Mr. Lewis, though by no means so good a figure, resembles his father very much. He has the face, the voice, the action, the bustle, and the business of Mr. W. Lewis. So close an imitation of his points and manner would not be sufferable in any other person; but in the gentleman now under consideration, what in another would be justly condemned as a fault, becomes in him extremely pleasing, for in the son we think we behold the father. He perfo. med Tangent with spirit and success—throughout the piece the audience liberally b stowed their favours on him, and, at the close, his bow was returned by an unanimous peal of applause.

We recollect Mrs. Kennedy making her first appearance on the Dublin boards, fifteen years since, with much success, in the parts of Lady Bel Savage, Mrs. Candour, &c. &c.; she was a very excellent actress, dressed extremely well, but had something unpleasant in her voice About the same time Miss Duncan made her first appearance in the part of Priscilla Tomboy, in the farce of "The Romp," for the benefit of her father.

"The Poor Gentleman," on Thursday night, afforded another opportunity of observing Mr. Lewis, and, we are happy to say, the impression made by his sprightly and bustling performance of Tangent was rather increased by his animated and agreeable delineation of Frederick. Should his performance of other characters be equally happy, he may anticipate much favour from the public.

After the play, a ballet of considerable merit introduced for the first time Mr Giroux and his three sisters to a Dublin audience. We have not before seen, on our stage, so interesting and accomplished a group. They are of the first class in their profession, and, in the course of the ballet, we discovered that they are by no means deficient in other polite accomplishments. The performance of Mr. and Miss Giroux on the piano-forte was much admired, and throughout they received distinguished and certainly well-merited applause. On Friday night the ballet was repeated, and the only

alteration that appeared in the least necessary was made—the exhibition of an explanatory scroll, at the conclusion of the piece, was judiciously omitted; this is a proof of the taste and good sense which now presides over the entertainments of our theatre.

KILKENNY.—Our Private Theatricals commenced this year under the direction of Mr. R. Power, the gentleman who has made so conspicuous a figure in amateur theatricals. The play chosen for the first night was Mr. Charles Kemble's "Wanderer; or, The Rights of Hospitality." Mr. R. Power performed the part of Count Sparre with his usual excellence; Mr Crampton was Sigismund; Mr. Beecher, Count Banet; and Mr. Ponsonby gave a fine mellow outline to the part of Ramsay. A most elegant and appropriate Address was delivered by Mr. R. Power. Miss Smith, who played the Countess at the late Covent-garden Theatre, was the fair representative on this occasion. The gentlemen performers are nearly the same as last season.

MADAME MARA AND FLORIO.

THIS once-celebrated singer has, according to the German papers, retired to an estate which she has purchased in Poland. During her late residence at Moscow, her companion, Florio, was involved in a very unpleasant affair. A letter, signed Richard Florio, written in French, and filled with invectives against the Russian government, was put into the post-office at St. Petersburgh. The person it was addressed to handed it over to the police. Florio was apprehended at Moscow, and conveyed prisoner to St. Petersburgh. Hence, however, he was speedily released, his name being not Richard, but Charles, and it appearing that he was totally ignorant of the French language. The Emperor Alexander, on hearing of the circumstance, made Florio a present of a handsome sum of money, over and above the expenses he had been put to in his journey from Moscow.

LISBON THEATRICALS.

A new play has been brought out at the Lisbon Theatre, entitled "The Deliverance of Portugal." It was written to testify the joy of the Portuguese at the evacuation of their country by the French, and was acted free three nights, for the amusement of the British officers.

The first scene opens with a view of the Queen of Portugal in mourning, and fettered. She regrets the unhappy fate of her kingdom for some time; then a Portuguese General appears, and tells her that the country is in arms, and, with the help of a powerful nation, which will send them assistance, he expects to see her soon upon the throne.—The next scene opens with a view of an Englishman on a high rock, who descends, and informs the Queen of the exertions that are making to set her at liberty. Buonaparte next presents himself. He addresses the Queen and her subjects, but the Queen pays no attention to what he says. He then addresses the Briton in haughty terms, and threatens his country with destruction. The next scene is the scene of glory. It opens with a view of a lady richly dressed, standing by a throne. She descends, and immediately the mourning dress and the fetters of the Queen fall off, when she appears most richly dressed; the Corsican is put in chains, and obliged to kneel at the foot of the throne for mercy, and the crown is again placed on the head of the Queen.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Works recently published, in the Press, or in Preparation.

BIOGRAPHY. Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Mr. Percival Stockdale, including Anecdotes of many celebrated Persons. Life of John Bunyan; with an Account of his Imprisonment, Conversation before the Justices, &c. and Remarks on his Character and Writings. Memoirs of Robert Cary, Earl of Monmouth, written by himself; published from an Original Manuscript in the Custody of the Earl of Cork and Orrery; to which is added, Fragmenta Regalia, being a History of Queen Elizabeth's Favourites; by Sir Robert Naunton.

TRAVELS, &c. Travels in the North of Europe, or a Journal of a Voyage down the Elbe, from Dresden to Hamburgh, and Travels through Denmark and Sweden; by the Chevalier de Boisgelin. Travels in Barbary and Bled El Gereede, during a Residence of Sixteen Years in various Parts of those Countries; by James G. Jackson, Professor of Arabic and African Languages, and formerly British Agent at Santa Cruz, South Barbary.

NOVELS, &c. Faulconbridge, or a Devonshire Story; by Mrs. Hanway. Memoirs of Mrs. Cuyler; by Mrs. Grant. Ned Bentley; by Mr. Amphlett. London, or Truth without Treason; by Francis Lathom.

POETRY. Sonnets, Tales, and Characteristic Pieces; by the Author of the Age of Frivolity. Eccentric Tales; by Cornelius Crambo, Esq. The Pastoral, or Lyric Muse of Scotland; by Hector Macneill, Esq. The Battle of Maida; by Lieutenant-Colonel Scott.

LAW. A short View of Legal Bibliography; by Richard Whalley Bridgeman, Esq.

DRAMA. Dramatic Works of John Ford, with an Introduction and Explanatory Notes; by Henry Weber, Esq. Four Discourses on the Stage, preached lately at Cambridge, by the Rev. Mr. Plumtre, of Clare Hall.

MISCELLANEOUS. Beauties of Milton's Prose, with Preliminary Remarks and Criticisms; by Mr. G. Burnett. Chesterfield Travestie; or School for Modern Manners; Chronicle of the Cid, Rodrigo Diaz de Bivar, the Campeador, from the Spanish; by Robert Southey. Original Anecdotes of Cromwell; by Mr. Stace. Letters from the late Bishop Warburton and Bishop Hurd, from the year 1749 to 1776. A Dictionary of the Middle Language of England, or the Age of Shakspeare, on the plan of Johnson's Dictionary; by the Rev. R. Nares. Beloe's Anecdotes of Literature, Vol. III.

ADVERTISEMENT.

With this Number, which concludes the fourth Volume, the PROPRIETOR and CONDUCTOR takes leave of the Subscribers to the *Cabinet;* other avocations putting it out of his power to devote any further attention to it. He mentions this circumstance merely in explanation of the contents of the present Number, which, as the new Proprietors and Editor do not intend to continue the *Plays*, is so arranged as to include many of the Portraits intended for that department, and will thus afford the purchaser an opportunity of binding up all the Embellishments.

INDEX

TO THE

THIRD VOLUME.

MISCELLANY.

A

Arts—The, No. XVII. Mr. Grignion - - 81
XVIII. Anecdotes and Eccentricities of Painters. M. A. Franciabigio. W. Kay. J. Van Kuick. J. Mabuse - - 149
XIX. Otho Masæus. Felix Meyer. Peter Molyn Peter Peuteman - - 383
Addison (Joseph) - - 361
Allegory, An - 245
Arabian Gratitude and Generosity - - - 310
Argyle, Death of, (from Fox's History) - - - 321
André's (Major) Apprehension and Execution - - 39

B

Butler (Dr.) Bishop of Cloyne, Anecdote of him - - 8
Biography—Mr. Macklin - 73
David Wilkie - - ib.
Bishop Berkeley - - 95
Cowper, the Poet - 103
Lord Nelson - - 145
James Northcote, Esq. 217
Fred. Reynolds, Esq. - 289
The late John Thornton, Esq. - - - 113
Bible, The - - - 228
Begging, the Trade of - 243
Bayard, Chevalier - - 250
Brute Creation, its Rights 291

C

Collector, No. XI. Death of the Russian Emperor Paul 2
No. XII. Disproportioned Marriages - - - - 161
Chaucer, on his Poetry - 9, 379
Criminal Prosecution - 15
Conversation, Short Tables for - - - 24
Crim. Con.; a Dialogue between Sorrow and Reason 173
Character of the Spaniards - 374

D

D'Argonne, Don Noel - 7
D'Aucre, Marechal - 17
Death, Thoughts on - 25
Dennis, the Critic - - 176
Duelling, an African's Opinion of it - - - 227
Drinking Healths, the Antiquity of this Custom - 234
Du Guesclin (Bertrand) - 320

E

Education, Public and Private 28
Evil that Good may come 166

F

French Miser - - 371

H

Heroism, Anecdotes of - 1
Hairpowder - - - 99
Highland Story - - 169
Henry II. of France - 252
Hamlet (Note on) - 387
Human Nature, different Views of - - - 391

J

Jew, an Honest one - 24

K

Kirk Leas in Yorkshire - 170

INDEX.

L

Logic; or the Art of Reasoning - - - - - 11
Letters, the Ancient State of them in England - - 101
Lisbon, as it was - - 237
Louis VIII. of France - 296
Libels - - - - 307
Love in many Masks - 316
Lope de Vega - - 324
Literary Intelligence, 64, 144, 212 288, 360, 432
Literary Education of Women 376

M

Melange—No. XI. Utility of Physicians - - - 31
Dialogue between an Irish Inkeeper and an Englishman - - - 32
Music, Cathedral and Parochial - - 82
——- its effets on Animals - 100
Modern Athenians - - 150
Medina Celi, Duke of - 152
Military Hints - - 156

N

Nell Gwynn - 382

O

Ossian - - - 172
Our Saviour, his Character 221
Olivarez, Count - - 323
Old Nick - - - 372

P

Profession, Advantages of having one - - - 153
Philip II. of Spain - 322
Proverb (an Old) - - 392
Punch bought by a Lord - 385
Preachers, Modern - 302

Q

Quotations from other Writers 87

R

Reform - - - 102

S

Scott's Marmion - 11
Spain - - - - 30
Singularity of Manners - 225
Superstition and Dreams 230
Strozzi, Mareschal - - 232
Spaniards and Portuguese 23
Ibid. - - - 333
Surnames, Ancient and Modern - - - 368

T

Theoretic Speculation - 102
Traveller, the, an Oriental Apologue - - - 297
Turks and Greeks, their Character - - - 315
Theatrical Insolence - 388
Theory against Fact - - 389

V

Verue, Johanna Baptista - 18
Villacerfe, Madame - - 84
Vielleville (M. de) . - 386

W

Weather, the - - 14
Whitfield, Mr. - - 175
Wife, her Expenses how to be regulated - - 223
——, her Employment formerly - - - 299
Wealth and Rank - - 305
Woodward, the Comedian 386

REVIEW OF BOOKS.

B

Blind Boy, a Melo-drama - 187
Betham's (Matilda) Poems - 262

C

Cecil's Memoirs of the Rev. John Newton - - 112
Cooke's Conversation - - 117
Corrie's Letters on Coffee - 117
Clarkson's History of the Abolition of the Slave Trade 325

D

Du Bois's Edition of Francis's Horace - - - - 107

F

Frend's Evening Amusement 48
Father's Advice to his Son at School - - - - 182

G

Gilchrist's Examination of the Charges of Ben Jonson's Enmity towards Shakspeare 177

H

Harriott's Struggles through Life, *continued* - - 37

INDEX.

I

Ingram's Causes of the Increase of Methodism, &c. 116

K

Kemble's (C.) Plot and Counterplot - - - - - 187

M

Mayne's Siller Gun, a Poem 183

Macdiarmid's Lives of British Statesmen - - - - 330

O

Old Nick's Pocket Book - 259

P

Pratt's Contrast (a Poem) - 399

Parsons's Travelling Recreations - - - - - 111

Porter's (Jane) Aphorisms of Sir Philip Sidney - - 263

R

Reasons for not believing Hugh Boyd to be the Author of Junius - - - - - 264

S

Scott's Marmion, *continued* - 33

Smith's (I. H.) Authentic Narrative of the Causes which led to the Death of Major André - - - 39

Smith (E.) Legendary Tales 48

Savory's Poetical Tales - 336

Shoberl's Translation of Meiner's History of the Female Sex - - - - 393

Smith's (Mary) Observations on Seduction and Prostitution - - - - 396

T

Tomkins's Rays of Genius - 116

Turner's Collections for the History of Grantham - 253

Trial of Major Campbell, for the Murder of Capt. Boyd 333

Trefusis's, (Miss) Poems and Tales - - 396

W

Works of the late General Burgoyne - - - 335

POETRY.

A

Anacreontic - - - 134

Alla Spagna, &c. - 204

Address spoken by Mr. Jones at Manchester - 285

——— occasioned by Sir Arthur Wellesley's Victory, spoken by Mrs. Litchfield at Worthing - - 286

B

Battle of Baylen, by W. Carey, Esq. - - - 349

C

Canzonet - - - 275

D

Doubt (The) cleared up - 132

F

Farewell Address, by Mad. Storace, on quitting the Stage - - - 58

I

Impromptu on hearing of the Convention at Cintra - 274

Interrogations, (doubtful,) resolved - - - 423

L

Lines to ——— ——— 129

—— to Miss S. Morgan - 203

Laura - - - 130

Lying Dick - - - 131

O

Ode (Latin, with Translation) to Mrs. Merry - - 210

P

Prologue to the Mysterious Bride - - - 353

Q

Quatorzain, written in Richmond Park - 274

——— to Miss S. Morgan 352

——— by J. G. - 422

——— to Horatius - 424

Sonnets - 133, 135, 351, 352

——— to Horatius - 129

——— written in Richmond Park - - 135

——— to Horatio *****. - 202

——— to A B. - - 203

——— to my Lyre - 276

——— (Burlesque) - ib.

INDEX.

Sonnet to the Moon - - 424
Stanzas on the Marriage of W. C. Richardson, Esq. - 202
——, by W. Savory - 336
Song - - - 275
Song, by W. Parsons, Esq. - 111

T

The Transmutation; a Vision 421

V

Von Schlemner and Pot Luck 132

DRAMA.

A

Africans, by Mr. Colman - 206

B

Barry, Spranger - - 345
Bellamy, Mrs. - - - 137
Booth (Barton) - - - 413
Beaumont (Francis) - 401

C

Country Theatres.
Edinburgh - - - 62
Glasgow - - 62, 142, 358
Bath - - - - 63, 358
Richmond - - - 141
Manchester - - 141, 284
Brighton - - 142, 357
Worthing - - 142, 286
Sunderland - - - 148
Dublin - - - 284, 430
Weymouth - - - 285
Shrewsbury - - - 358
Corri, Mrs. - - - 277
Cooke, Mr. - - - - 63
Catalani, Madame - 287
Congreve - - - - 192
Covent-Garden, its Destruction by Fire - - - 278
————, intended New Theatre - - - - 357

D

Dramatic Performances, Reflection on - - - 119
Drama, Lady Carlisle's opinion of it - - - - 123
Dryden (John) - - 408

E

Essays on Literature and Humanity—No. IV. Remarks on the Drama - - - 49
Epilogues (humourous) after Tragedies - - - 343

F

Foote, Original Character of him, by Mr. Gahagan - 118
Fatal Curiosity - - - 138
First Come first Served - 209
Fortune Teller - - - 355
Forest of Hermanstadt - 356
Fletcher, John - - 401

G

German Theatre, some Account of - - - - - 124
Garrick and Macklin, Anecdotes of - - - 269

H

Home, Mr. Author of Douglas, Account of him - 270
Hamlet, Note on a Passage in this Play - - - 273

L

London Theatres.
Drury-Lane - 57, 277, 354, 425
Covent-Garden - - 59, 277
Haymarket - 61, 136, 206, 277
King's Theatre (Covent-Garden Company) - - 356, 428

M

Macklin, Anecdotes of him - 191
Measure for Measure, Story of it - - - - - 265
Mysterious Bride - - 58
Mattocks, Mrs. her Retirement from the Stage - - 60
May, Mr. - - - 138
Mudie, Mrs. - - - 355

O

O'Keeffe's Plays - - 201
Orger, Mrs. - - - 355
Otway (Thomas) - 402

P

Passions, their Expression - 122
Play-House - - - 267
Plays, Sir Matthew Hale's Opinion of them - - 273
Patrick in Prussia - - 342
Portrait of Cervantes, (C. G.) 61
Plot and Counterplot - 137

Q

Quakers, and the Stage - 123

INDEX.

R

Racine and Corneille, compared - - - - - 190
Richard III. Exculpation of him from the Charges brought against him by the Historians, and followed by Shakspeare - - 337

S

Sheridan, sen. Thomas - - 52
Shakspeare's Common Place Book - - - - - 193
Spanish Theatricals - - 359
Storace, Madame, her Retirement from the Stage - - 57
Scriven, Mr. - - - - 277
Smith, Mr J. - - - - 355
Steele (Sir Richard) - 403

T

Theatrical Intelligence, - 62, 141 284, 357
————————, Conflagrations - - - - 283
Three and the Deuce - - 354

W

Warren, Mrs. formerly Miss Brunton - - - 188, 210
Woffington, Mrs. - - 415
Wilks, the celebrated Actor 418
Wycherly (William) - 410

Y

Yes or No ? - - - 273

DIRECTIONS FOR PLACING THE PLATES.

Mr. Elliston, Mr. Morton, Mr. Reeve, Mrs. Opie, Mr. Hoare, Mr. Quick, Mr. Hayley, Mr. Cooke, Mrs. Hartley, Mr. Suett, Mr. Emery, Mr. Fawcett, Mrs. Dickons, Mr. Kemble (in *Penruddock)*, Sir John Carr, Mr. Wilkie, Mr. Macklin, Mr. Northcote, and Mr. Reynolds, opposite their respective Memoirs in Vols. I. II. III.

Mr. Kemble, in Richard III. to face p. 365, Vol. III.

Mrs. Woffington, Beaumont, Fletcher, Woodward, Nell Gwyn, Wilks, Booth, Otway, Ben Jonson, Congreve, Steele, Dryden, Wycherly, Addison: in the present Number for December, Vol. IV.

For the Plays.

Macbeth. Betterton, to face page 9. Henderson, p. 12. Mrs. Pritchard, p. 14.

Comus. Milton, to face the Title-page. Quin, to face page 87. Miss Catley, p. 89.

Provok'd Husband. Mrs. Oldfield, to face page 3. Colley Cibber, page iii. Vanbnrgh, page vii.

Isabella. Southern, to face the Title-page.